

GOLD
KEY

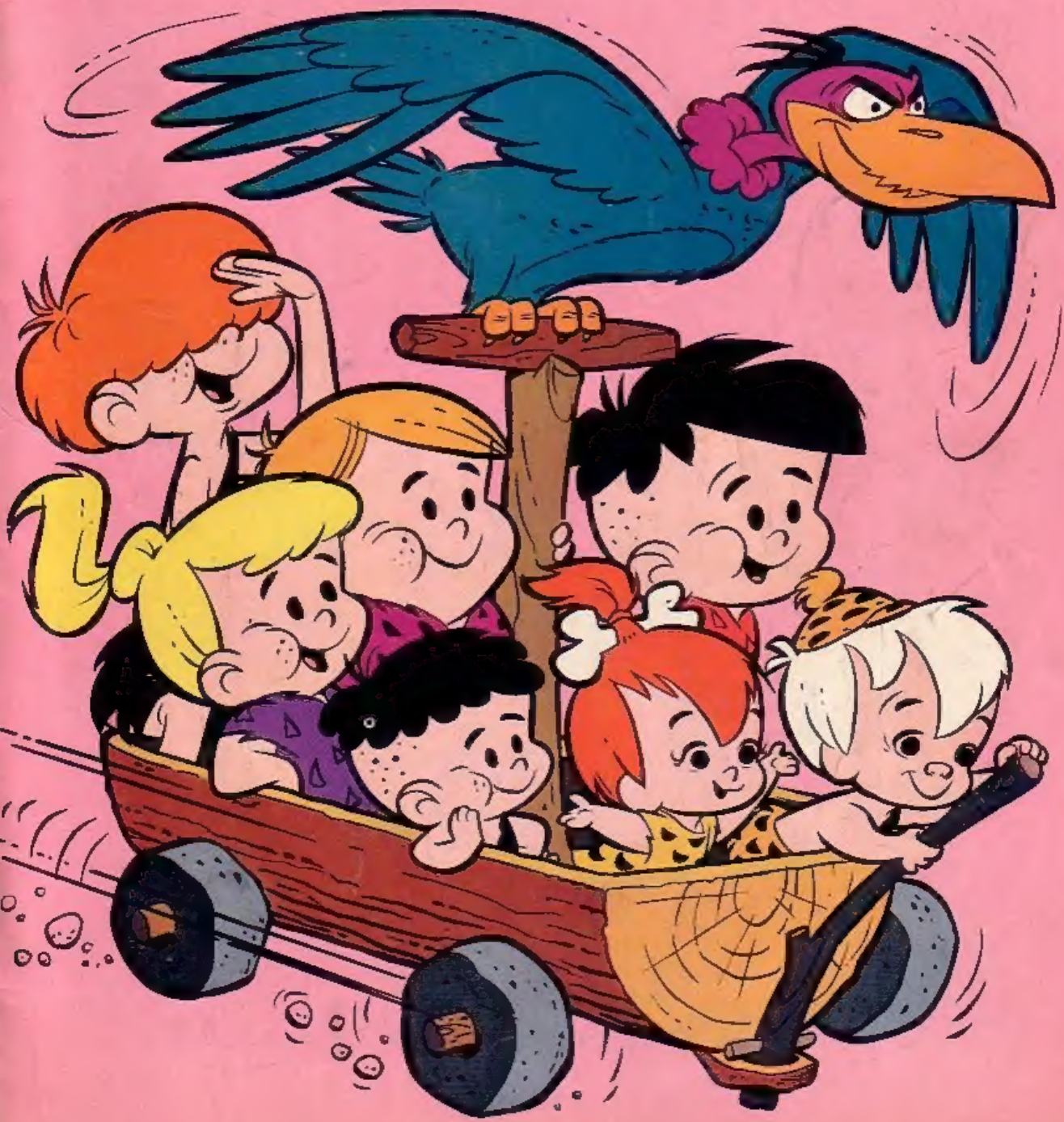
CAVE KIDS *CE*

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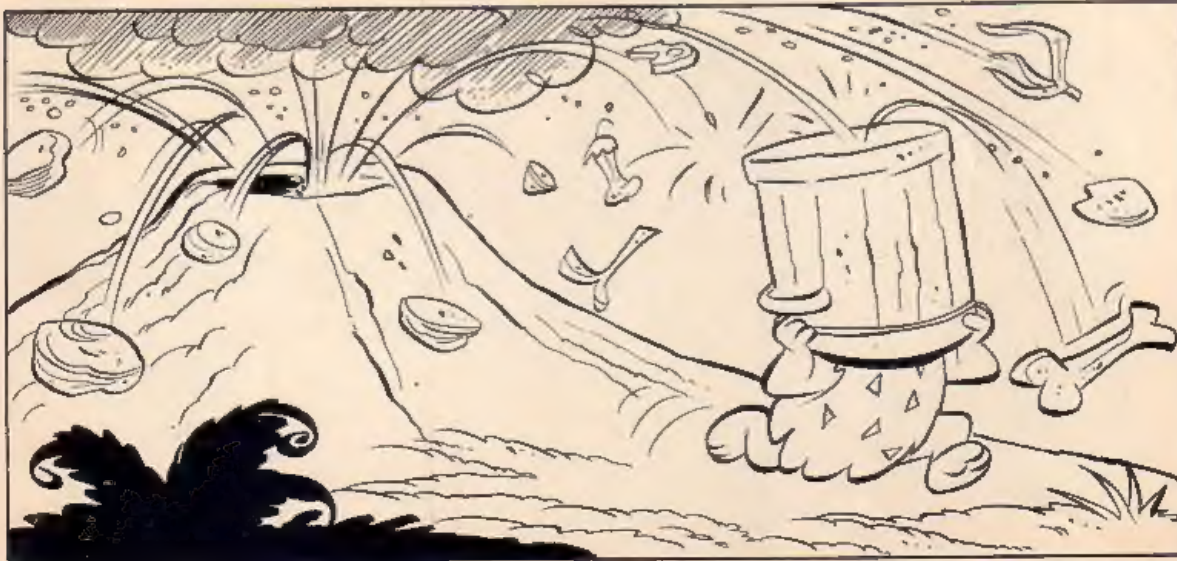
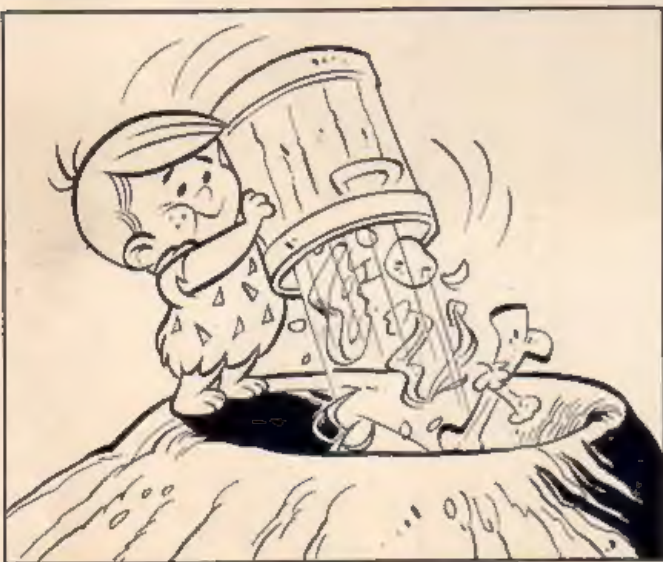
HANNA-BARBERA CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMB-BAMB



Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS



Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

THE PHONY FOSSILS

ROCKY RANGER,
TOP KID
IN THE
"RESCUE"
BUSINESS
HASN'T HEARD
A CALL FOR
HELP
IN AGES...



AND IZZY
EINSTONE,
JUVENILE
FOSSIL
FINDER,
HASN'T
FOUND
EVEN A
USED
WISHBONE
IN
ETERNITIES...



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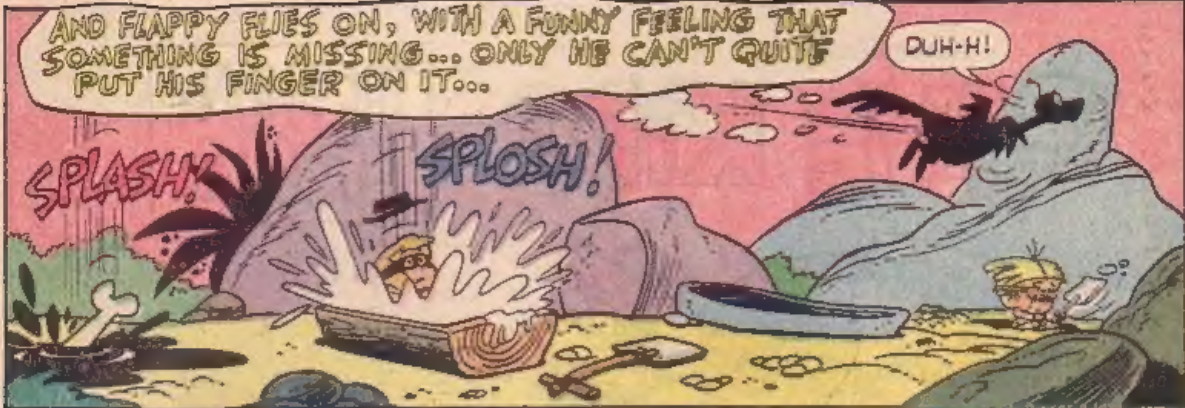
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

AND FLAPPY FLIES ON, WITH A FUNNY FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS MISSING... ONLY HE CAN'T QUITE PUT HIS FINGER ON IT...

DUH-H!

SPLASH!

SPLOSH!



UGH! I'VE LANDED IN IZZY EINSTONE'S PLASTER THAT HE USES TO MAKE MOLDS OF FOSSILS...

GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!

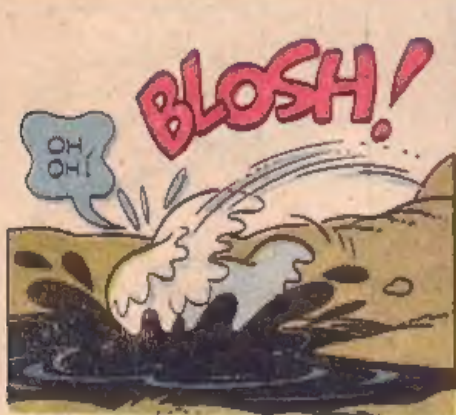


(WHEW!) IT'S FAST HARDENING... I CAN HARDLY MOVE!

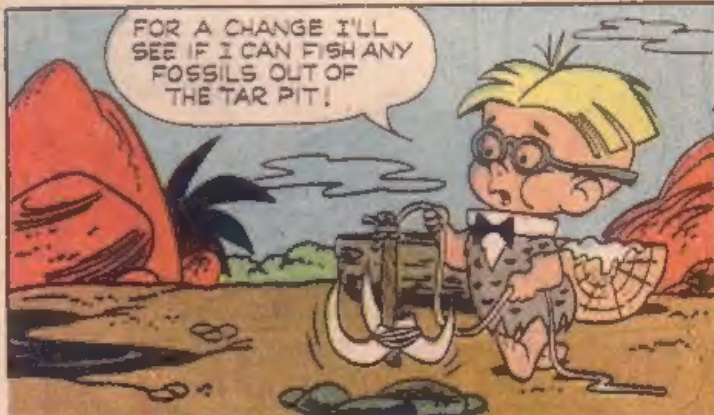


BLOSH!

OO
II



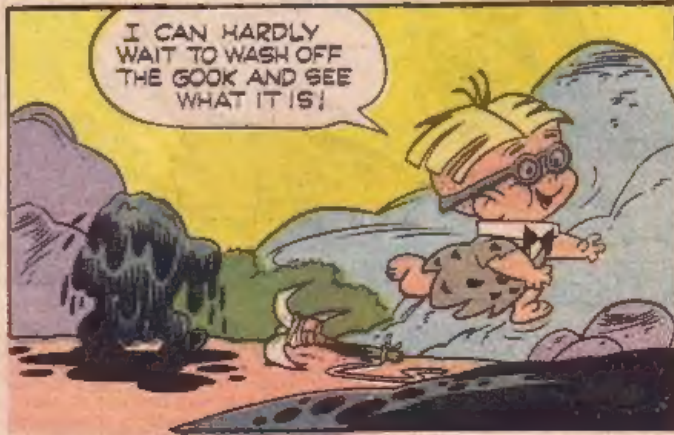
FOR A CHANGE I'LL SEE IF I CAN FISH ANY FOSSILS OUT OF THE TAR PIT!



HEY! I'VE GOT A WHOPPER!



I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO WASH OFF THE GOOK AND SEE WHAT IT IS!



I COULD BECOME A FAMOUS FOSSIL-ER AS A RESULT OF THIS!

SPLOOSH!



WOW! IT...IT'S THE SKULL OF A REAL WEIRDO!

I RESENT THAT!



BUT, OF COURSE, IF IZZY HAD X-RAY EYES HE COULD SEE THAT ALL HE HAS IS **ROCKY RANGER...**

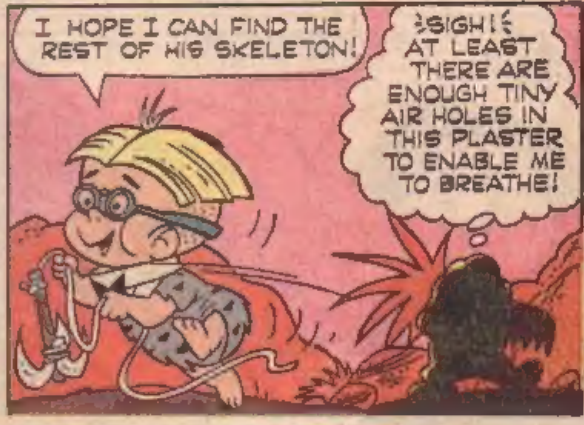
LOOKIT THOSE **TEETH!**

FOOEY!



I HOPE I CAN FIND THE REST OF HIS SKELETON!

SIGH! AT LEAST THERE ARE ENOUGH TINY AIR HOLES IN THIS PLASTER TO ENABLE ME TO BREATHE!



YAY! I FOUND HIS **LEG BONE!**

EH? MUST BE THE SOUP BONE FLAPPY DROPPED!

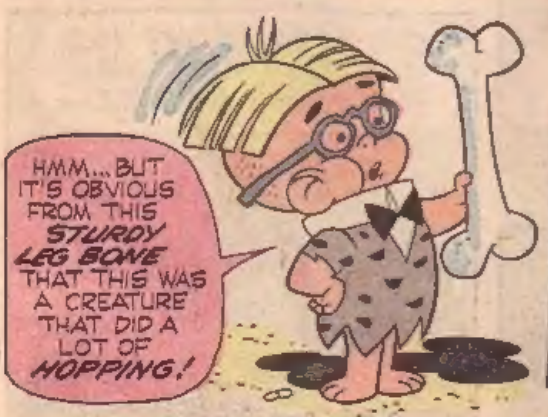


BUT TRY AS HE DOES, IZZY JUST CAN'T COME UP WITH ANY MORE BONES...

(WHEW!) I'M TIRED OF TAR-PIT FISHIN'!

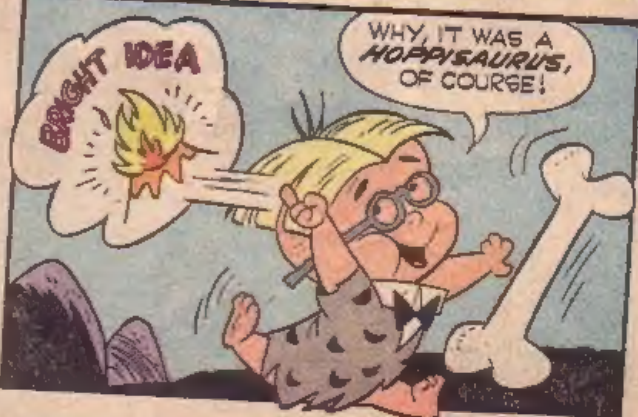


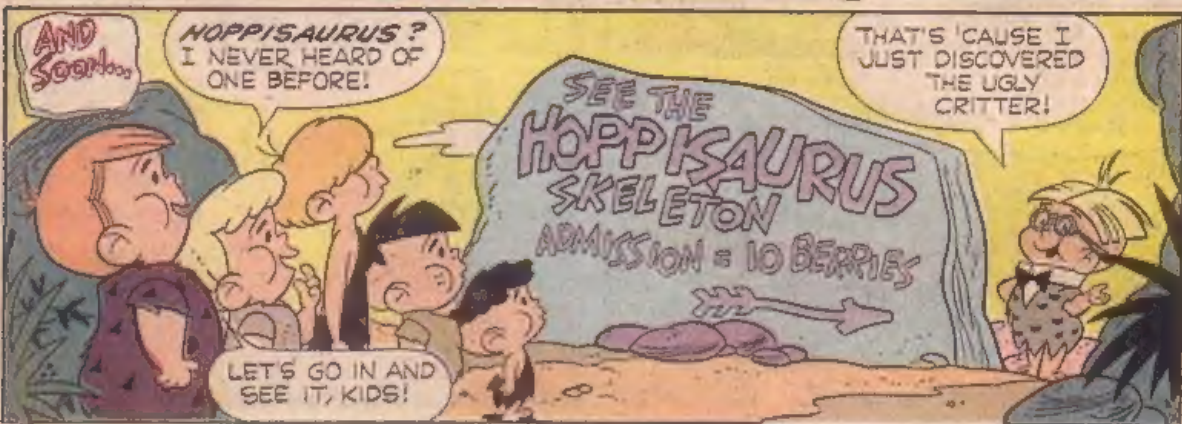
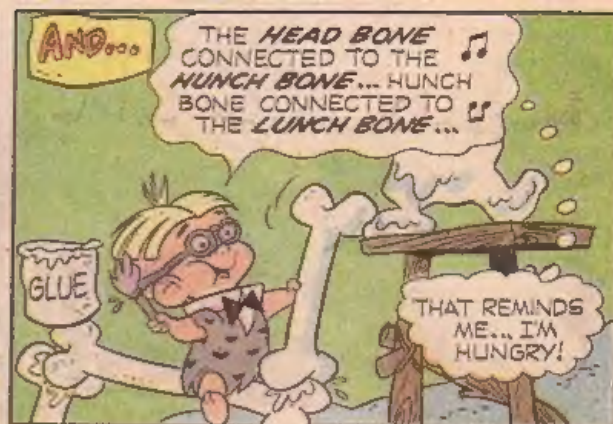
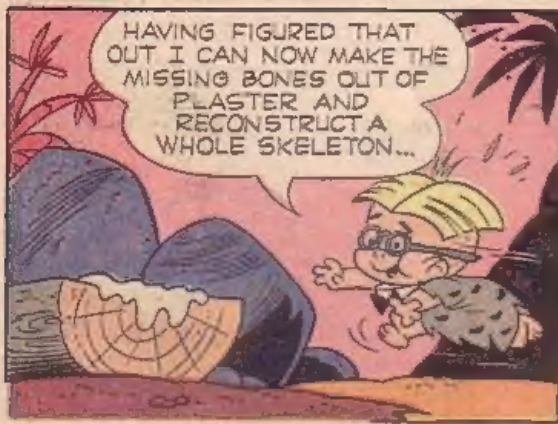
HMM... BUT IT'S OBVIOUS FROM THIS **STURDY LEG BONE** THAT THIS WAS A CREATURE THAT DID A LOT OF **HOPPING!**



BRIGHT IDEA

WHY, IT WAS A **HOPPISAURUS,** OF COURSE!





WHILE BACK AT THE BONE-SHOW...

LISTEN TO MY HUNGRY TUMMY GROWL!

GROWL-L!

WOW!
A HAUNTED SKULL!

I'M S-SCARED!

YEAH! WE'RE REALLY GETTING OUR MONEY'S WORTH!

JUST THEN FLAPPY ZEEPS-IN ON HIS BELOVED SOUP BONE...

WHOOPS! LOOK OUT FOR LOW-FLYING SAURUS CRAFT!

SUPBN!

ZOOM!

YMM!

HEY!
LEGGO OF THAT LEG BONE!

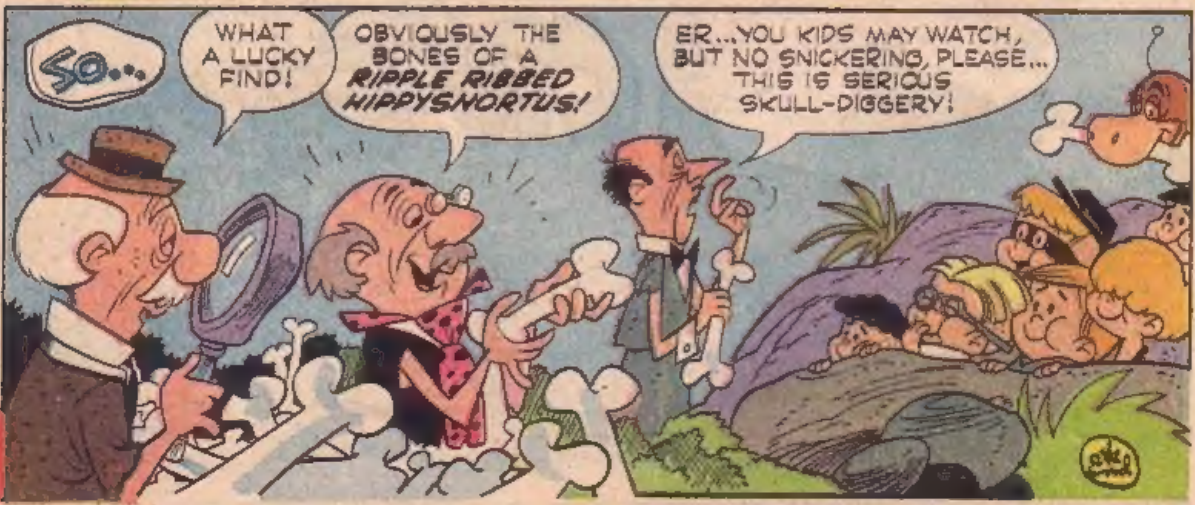
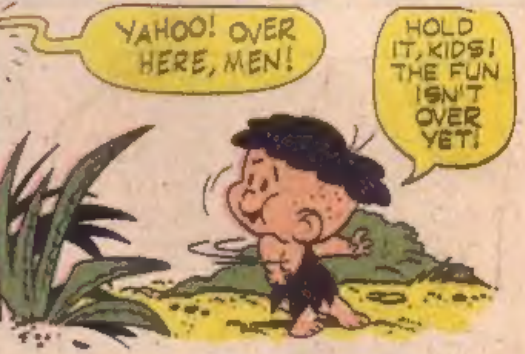
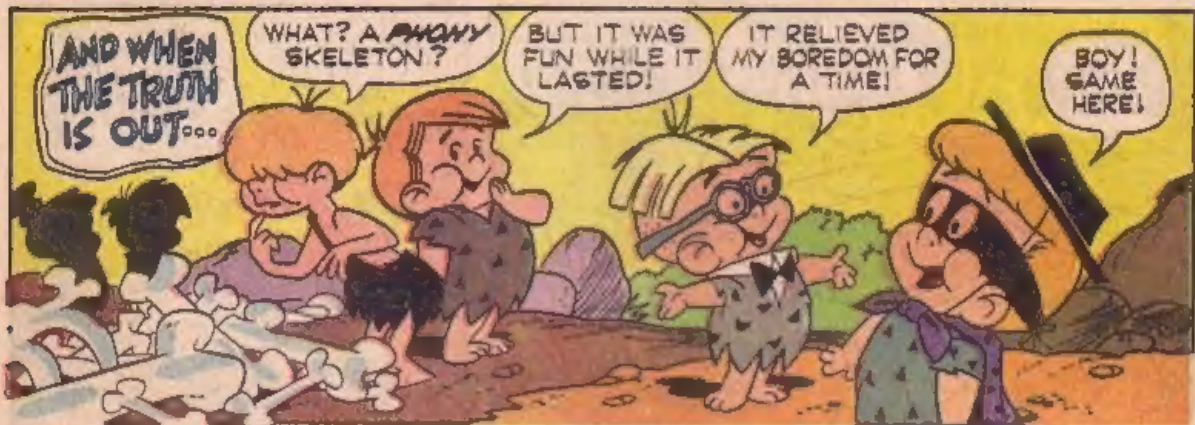
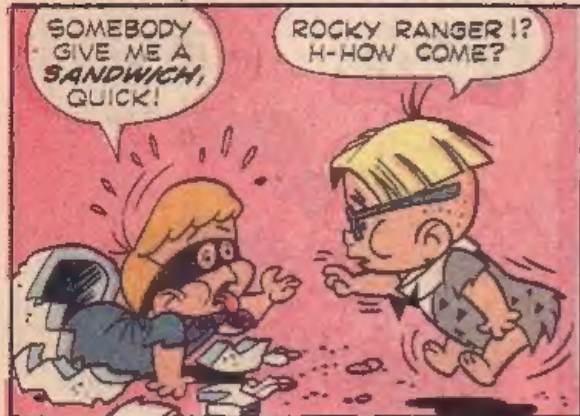
ONLY A FLAPPYSAURUS AND HIS SOUP BONE ARE NOT EASILY PARTED, BUT A MAKESHIFT HOPPISSAURUS FORM IS EASILY PARTED...

SUPBNZ-GOOT!

AWK!
THE SKULL HAS CRACKED!

YOU BIG DUNCE!
YOU'VE BUSTED-UP A GREAT SCIENTIFIC EXHIBIT!

CRASH!



Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

SMALL-TYPE
MYSTERY

THE CAVE KIDS ARE QUIETLY
MINDING THEIR OWN BUSINESS,
WHEN MUCH TO THEIR
HORROR...

BONK!

OW!

S- SMALL STUFF'S
CLUB JUST HIT HIM...
ALL BY ITSELF!

...AND
FOR NO
REASON!

EEEK! NOW OUR
BEACHBALL IS
BEWITCHED!

BOOP!

BOOP!

HALP!

CAVE
KIDS

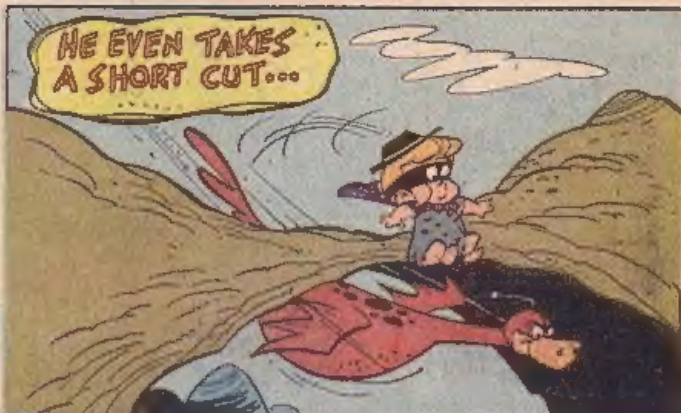
AND ONLY A HOP, FLAP AND A
FLIGHT AWAY, ROCKY RANGER
RISES IN RESPONSE...

COMING,
KIDS!

HI-HO, FLAPPY-SAURUS!



HE EVEN TAKES
A SHORT CUT...



BUT WHEN HE
ARRIVES, THEY'RE
ALL TOO SCARED
TO TALK...

WHAT'S
WRONG,
KIDS?

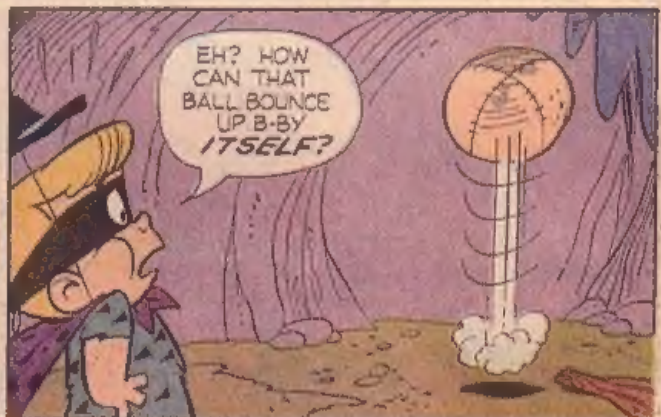
CHATTER-
CHATTER! GULP! ULP!



JUDGING FROM THEIR
QUIVERING POINTERS,
I ASSUME SOMETHING'S
AMISS OR AMESS
INSIDE...



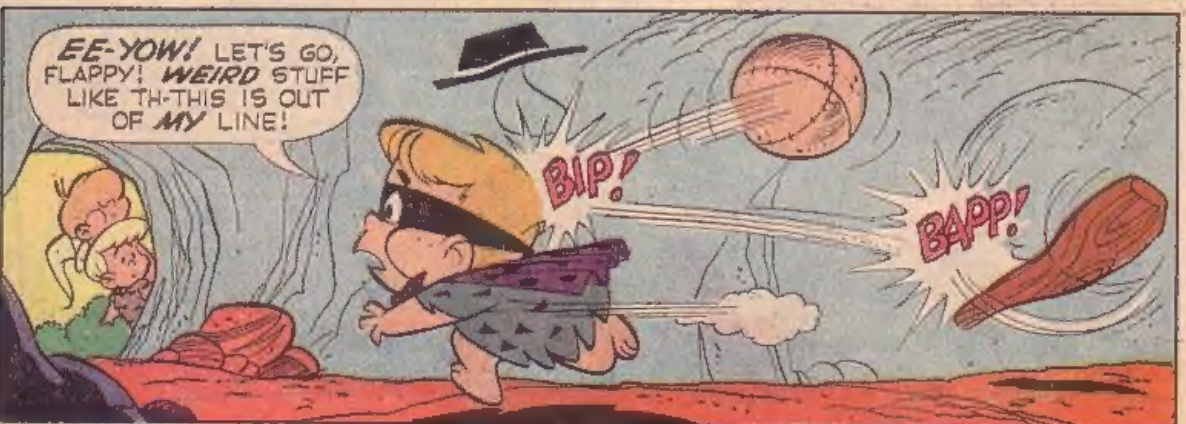
EH? HOW
CAN THAT
BALL BOUNCE
UP B-BY
ITSELF?



EE-YOW! LET'S GO,
FLAPPY! WEIRD STUFF
LIKE TH-THIS IS OUT
OF MY LINE!

BIP!

BAPP!



WH-WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOUR FAVORITE HERO TURNS CHICKEN?

WELL, LIKE HE SAID... IT'S TOO WEIRD!

SAY... THEN I KNOW JUST THE ONE WHO MAY BE ABLE TO HELP US.

So...

YOU'RE AN EXPERT ON SUPERNATURAL STUFF, GYPSY... LNU NX OUR CAVE.

WELL... I DON'T KNOW.

JUST TELL US WHY WE'RE THE ONLY ONES ARE HAPPENING.

GYPSY CRYSTAL FORTUNES TOLD

EEK!

IT'S JUST PLAIN SPOOKY, THAT'S ALL!

CRASH!

So, THEY ADD UP THE SCORE...

ONE CHICKEN HERO!

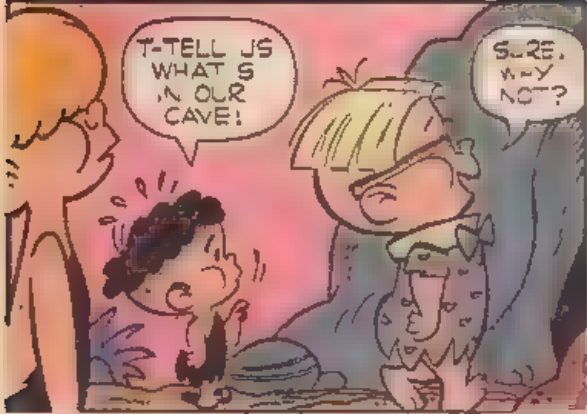
ONE BUSTED CRYSTAL BALL...

AND A LOT OF SHATTERED NERVES.

M, KIDS. WHY SO SHAKY?

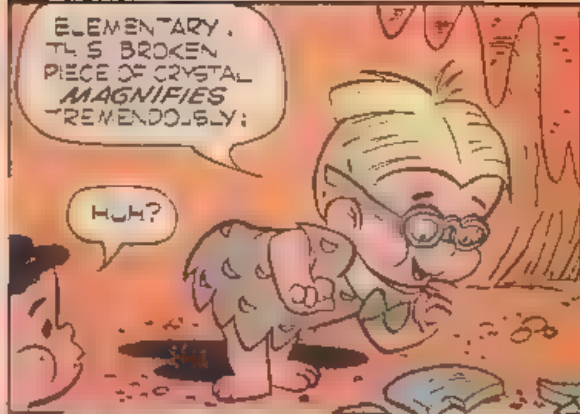
IZZY ENSTONE, THE SCIENTIFIC WHISKY.

MAYBE SCIENCE CAN HELP US.



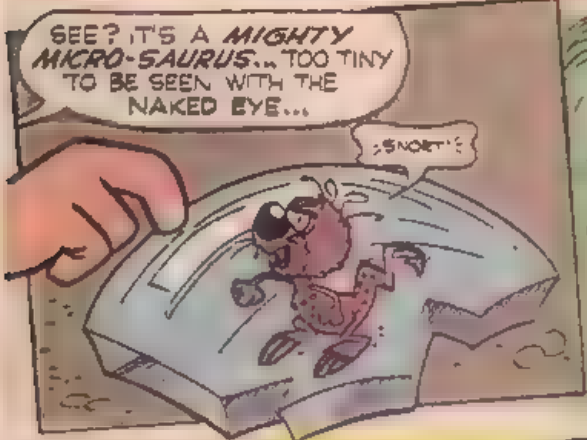
T-TELL US WHAT'S IN OUR CAVE!

SURE, WHY NOT?



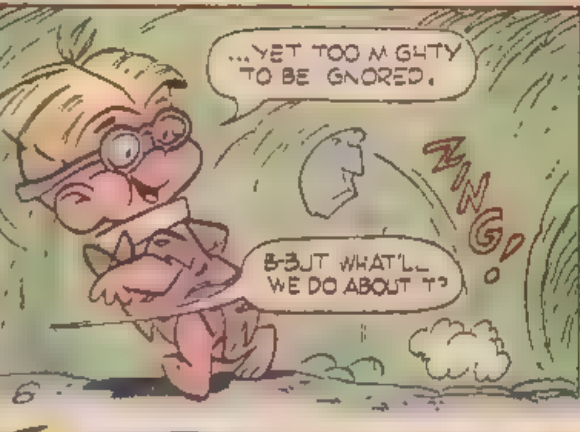
ELEMENTARY, THIS BROKEN PIECE OF CRYSTAL MAGNIFIES TREMENDOUSLY!

HUH?



SEE? IT'S A MIGHTY MICRO-SAURUS... TOO TINY TO BE SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE...

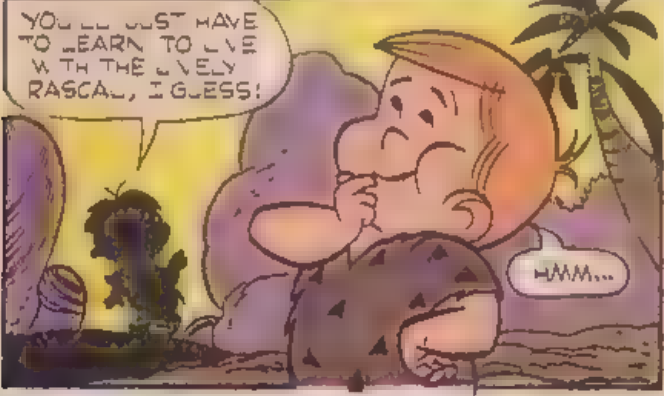
SNORT!



...YET TOO MIGHTY TO BE IGNORED.

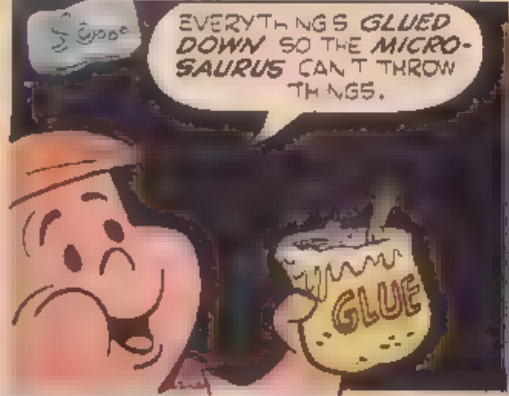
BUT WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT IT?

ZING!



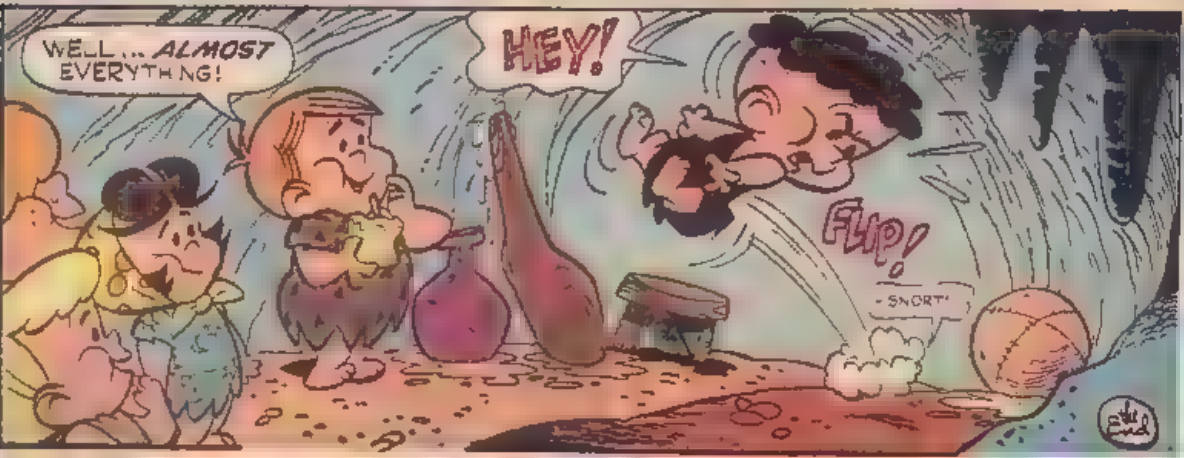
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO LEARN TO LIVE WITH THE LITTLE RASCAL, I GUESS!

HMM...



EVERYTHING'S GLUED DOWN SO THE MICRO-SAURUS CAN'T THROW THINGS.

GLUE



WELL... ALMOST EVERYTHING!

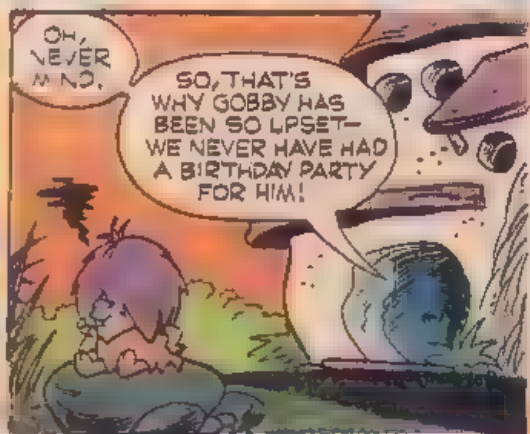
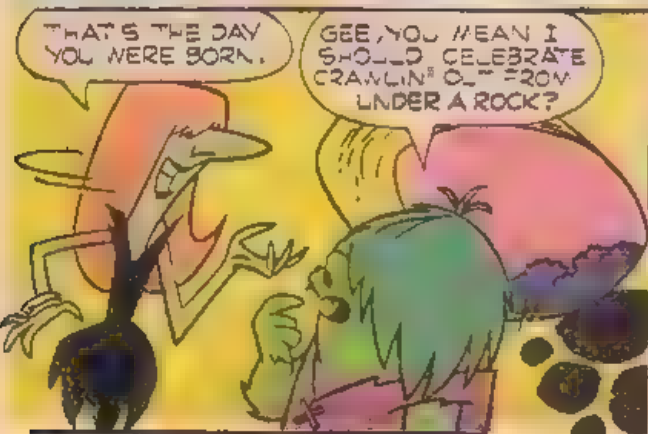
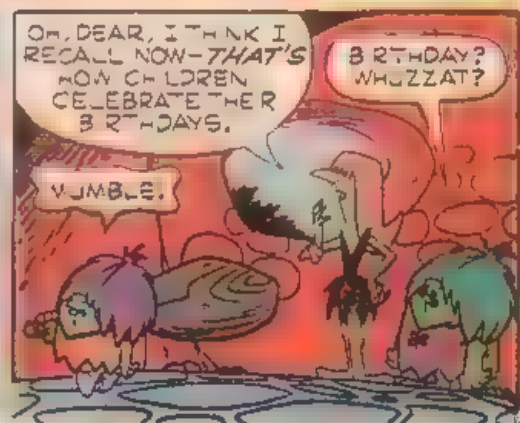
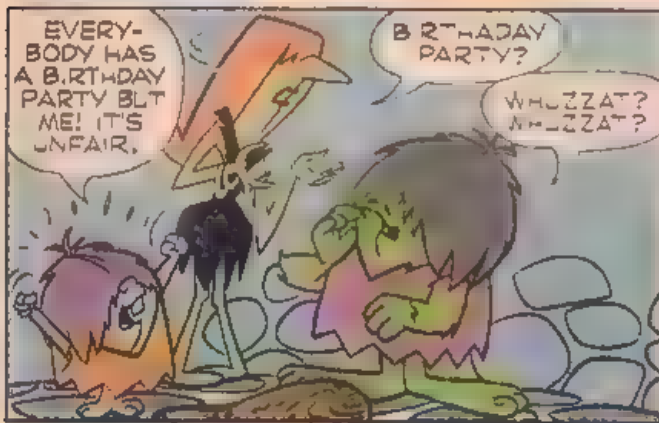
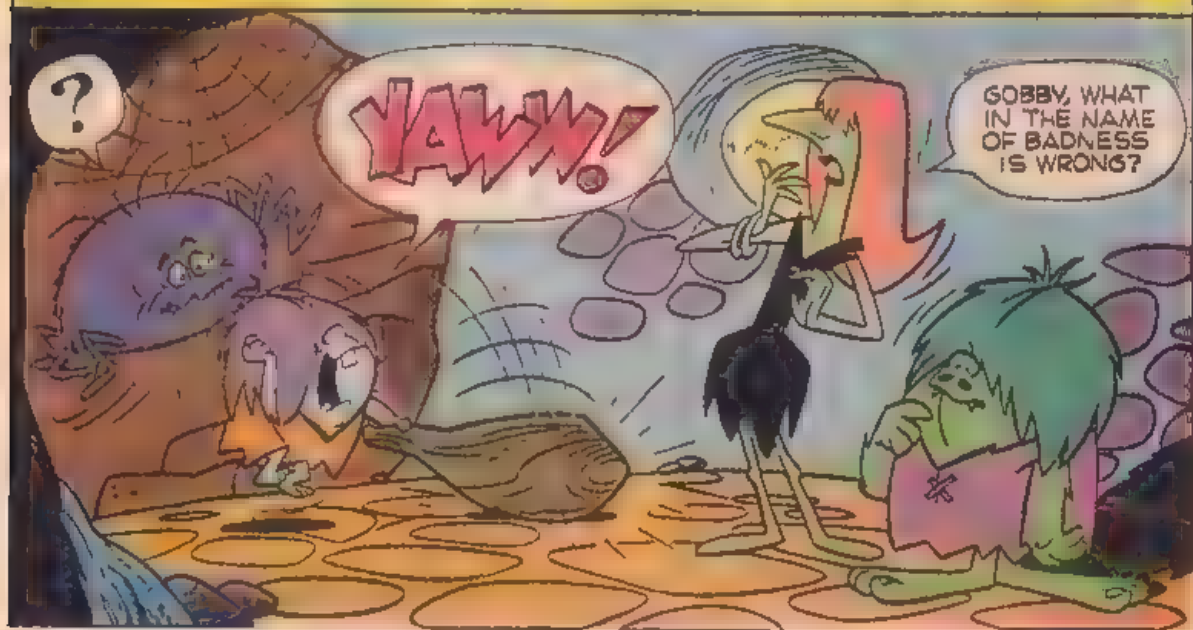
HEY!

FLIP!

SNORT!

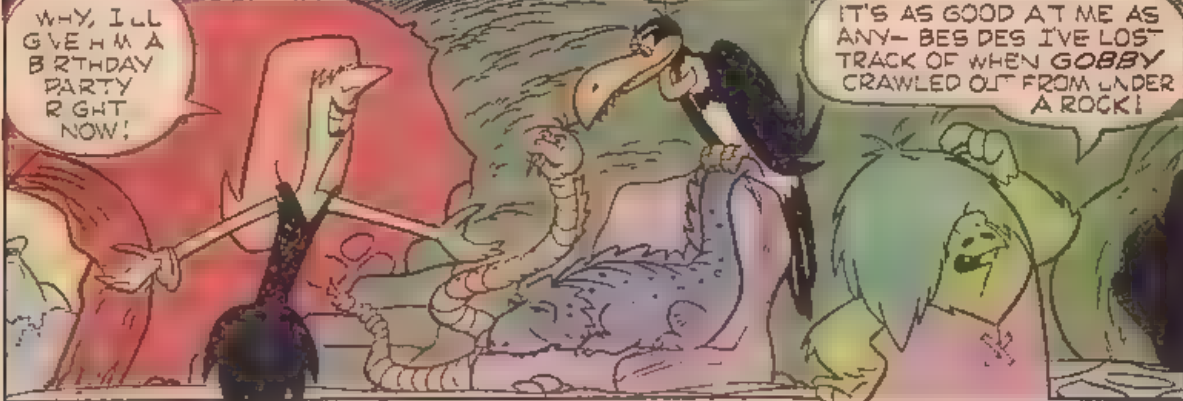


THE BIRTHDAY BLAST



WHY, I'LL GIVE HIM A BIRTHDAY PARTY RIGHT NOW!

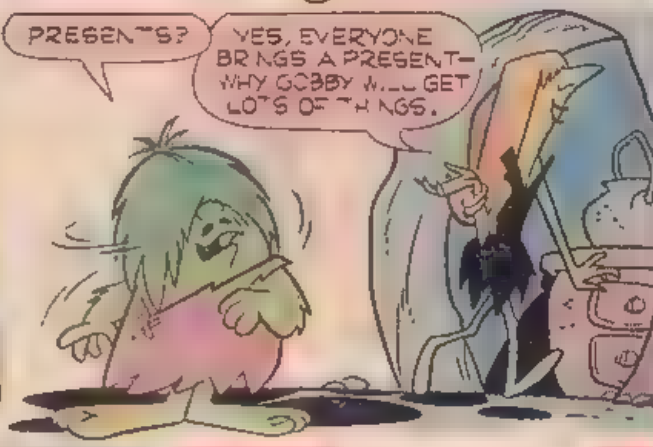
IT'S AS GOOD AS ME AS ANY- BESIDES I'VE LOST TRACK OF WHEN GOBBY CRAWLED OUT FROM UNDER A ROCK!



OH, HE'LL BE SO PLEASED ESPECIALLY WHEN HE RECEIVES ALL THE PRESENTS!

PRESENTS?

YES, EVERYONE BRINGS A PRESENT- WHY GOBBY WILL GET LOTS OF THINGS.

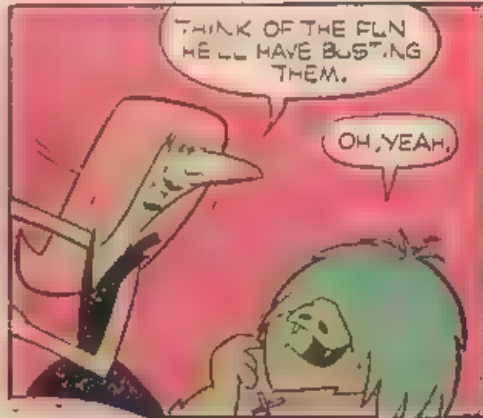
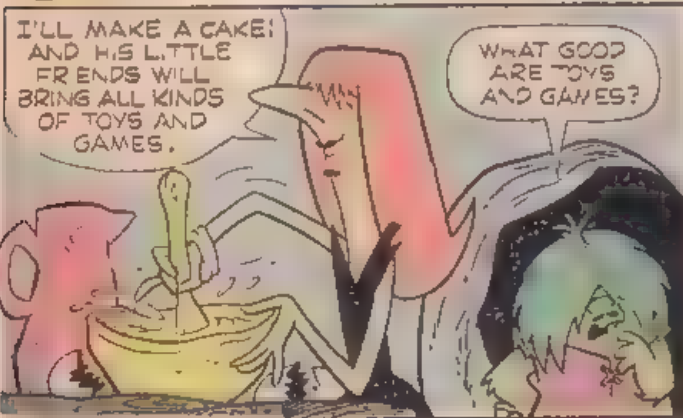


I'LL MAKE A CAKE! AND HIS LITTLE FRIENDS WILL BRING ALL KINDS OF TOYS AND GAMES.

WHAT GOOD ARE TOYS AND GAMES?

THINK OF THE FUN HE'LL HAVE BUSTING THEM.

OH, YEAH.

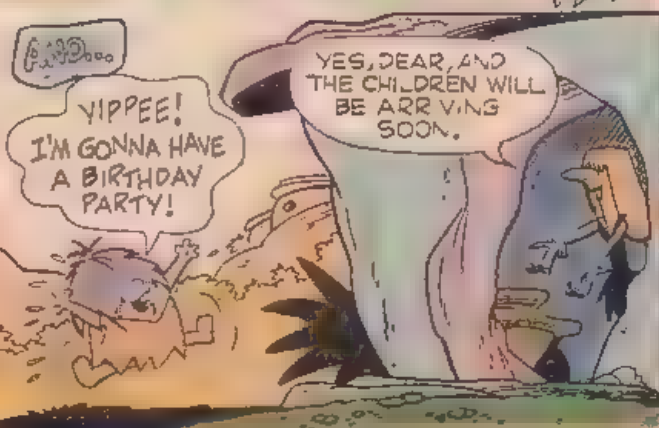
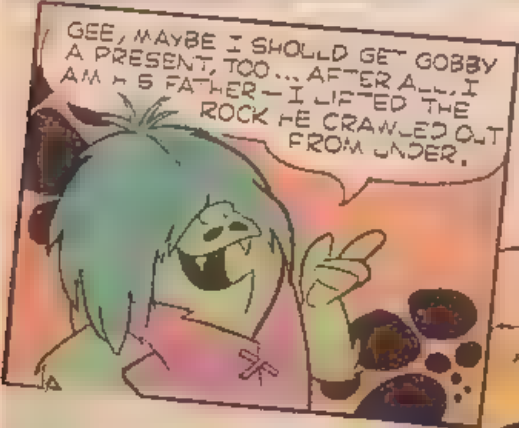


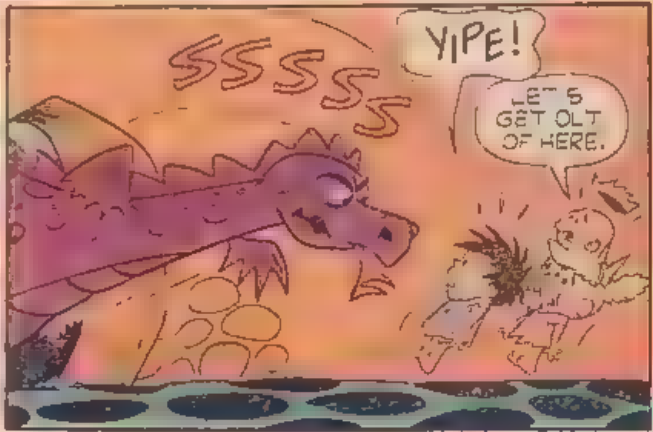
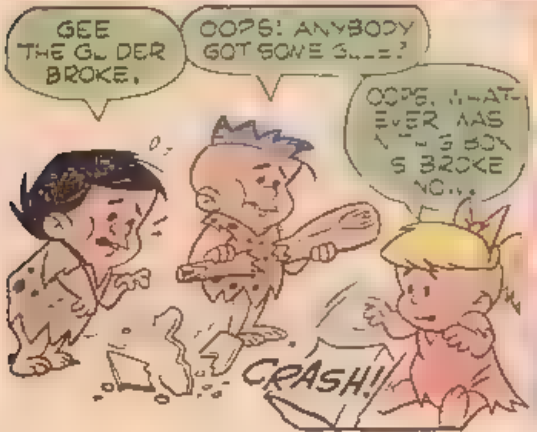
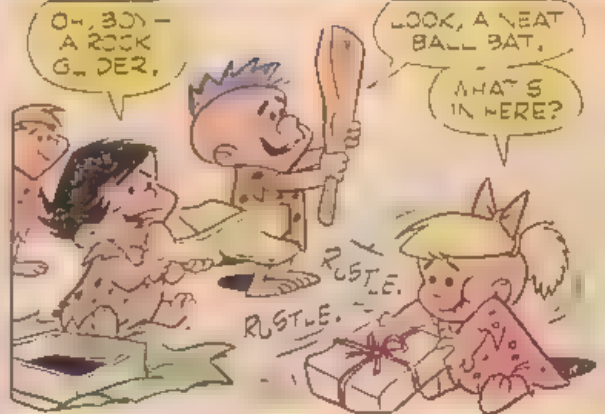
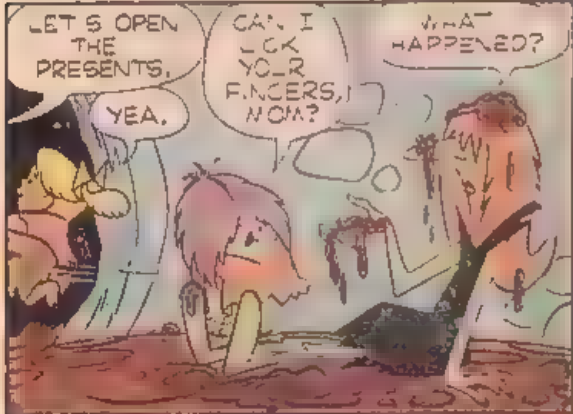
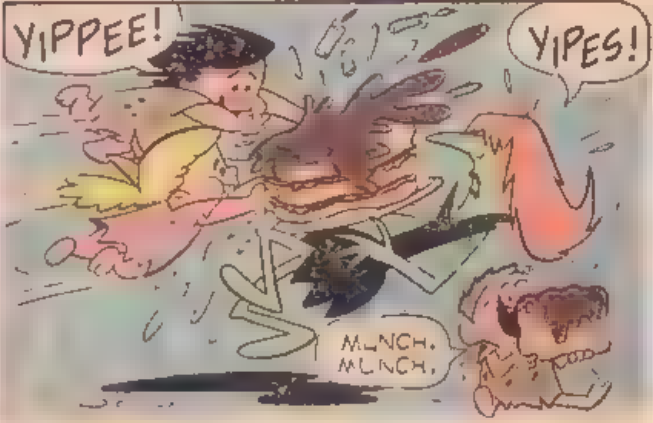
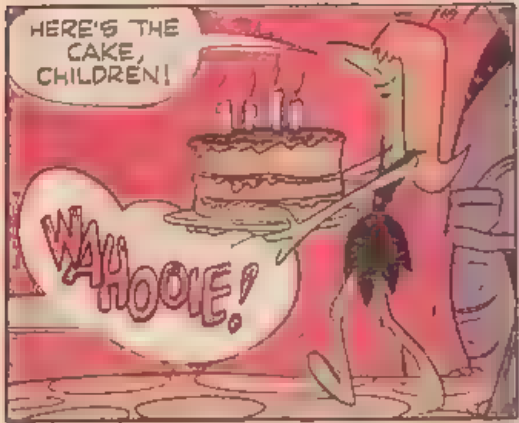
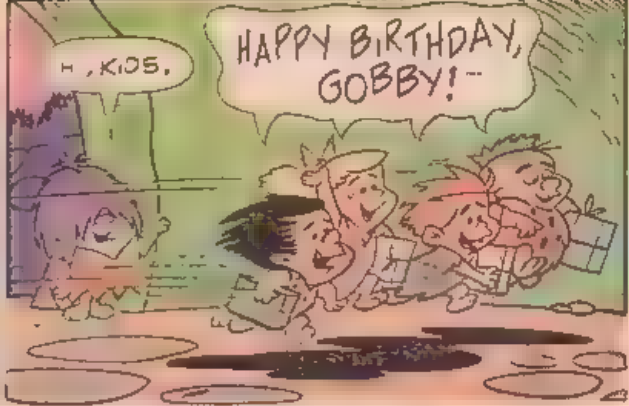
GEE, MAYBE I SHOULD GET GOBBY A PRESENT, TOO... AFTER ALL, I AM HIS FATHER- I LIFTED THE ROCK HE CRAWLED OUT FROM UNDER.

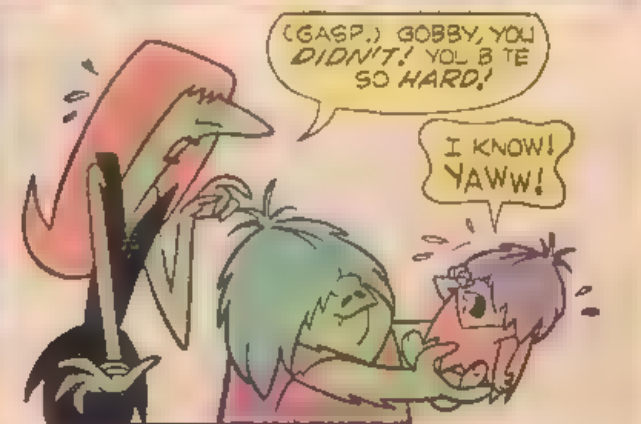
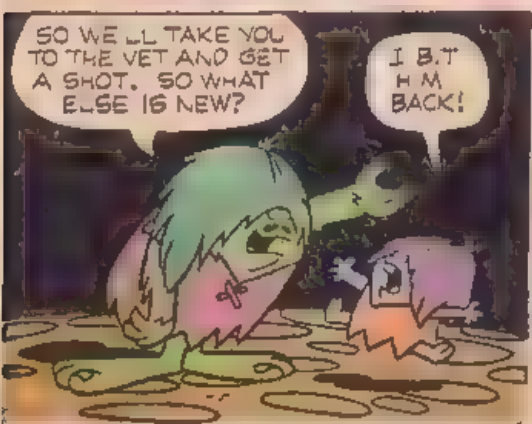
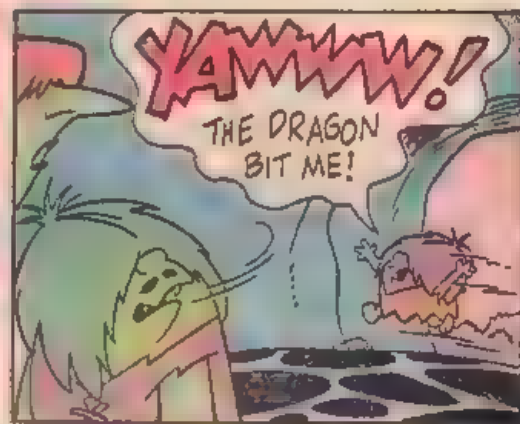
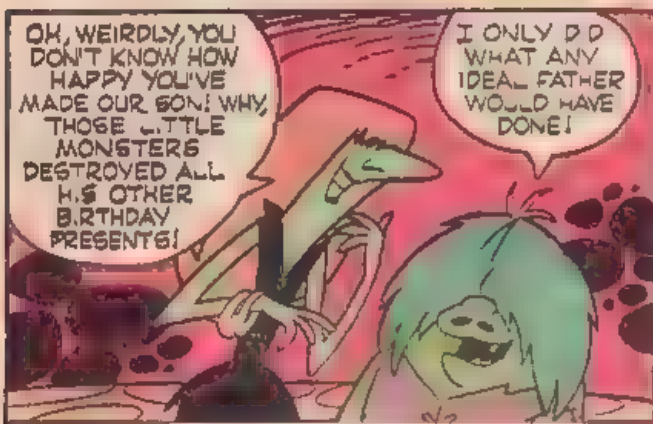
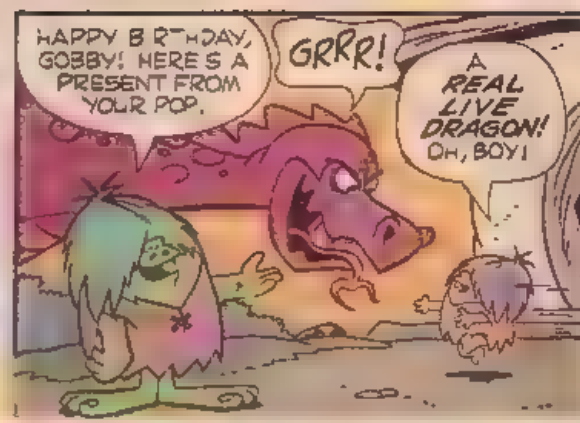
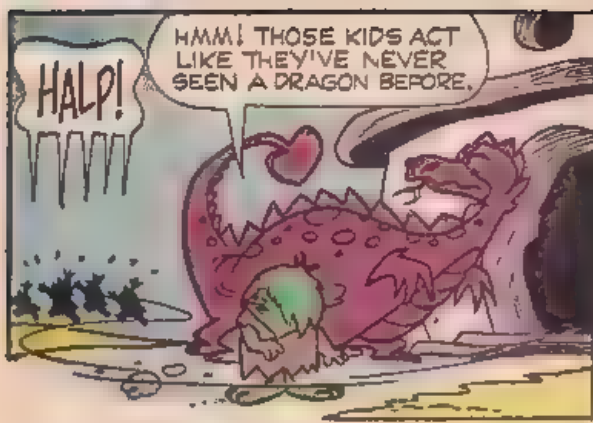
Ahh...

VIPPEE! I'M GONNA HAVE A BIRTHDAY PARTY!

YES, DEAR, AND THE CHILDREN WILL BE ARRIVING SOON.







SKATE MATES



"Aw, please take us with you, Mr. Jinks. We are all dressed to go skating," said Dixie.

"Yeah, Jinksy," added Dixie. "Be a good skate and take us skating with you. We have our hats and coats on, all ready to go."

"No—N-O!!" shouted Mr. Jinks. "This will be the last time I get to go skating on the ice this year, and I don't want you meeces bothering me to pieces! We will never be skate mates! N-E-V-E-R!"

"Oh, all right for you," grumbled Dixie, but Pixie whispered, "Come on! We'll go anyway!" And he scooted over to where Jinksy's coat lay, calling, "Crawl into this pocket while Jinksy isn't looking."

Soon, Mr. Jinks put on his coat, cap and scarf, and picked up his shoe-skates and started off for the frozen lake. Pixie and Dixie kept as quiet as could be.

When Jinksy reached the lake, they peeked out of his pocket as they heard cheering from the other skaters on the shore. "Here comes the champ!" and "Hey, there's that fancy skater!" shouted the skaters. Mr. Jinks waved at them, sat down and put on his skates, lacing them just right.

"Now!" Pixie signaled Dixie, as Mr. Jinks stood up. The two mice skittered down onto Jinksy's skates and settled themselves on the toes of the shoes, holding onto the ends of the shoelaces for safety. Soon, Mr. Jinks was skimming over the ice.

"Whee! This is fun!" laughed Dixie. "It sure is a thrill skating with Jinksy."

"Yeah," agreed Pixie. "But hang on, Mr. Jinks will be going into his fancy stuff in just a minute."

Pixie was right. Mr. Jinks began making figure-eights. Soon he was leaping and turning and twisting in the air. Pixie and Dixie

hung on to the shoelaces for dear life, as the skaters on the shore applauded. The cheering crowd spurred Mr. Jinks on, and with head high, he proudly zipped across the lake.

Then Pixie and Dixie heard a terrifying sound — the ice was breaking. Ahead of them a long crack appeared. Mr. Jinks was too busy thinking of the fine figure he was cutting to notice the danger.

"Jump!" shouted Pixie, "and hang on to the ends of the shoelaces."

They jumped. Swinging from the shoelaces, they wrapped the strings about Mr. Jinks's legs and tripped him, just in time to send him sprawling over the ice to safety.

"You!" screeched Mr. Jinks, when he saw them still clinging to the shoelaces. "I will get you for this. You tripped me, you miserable meeces!"

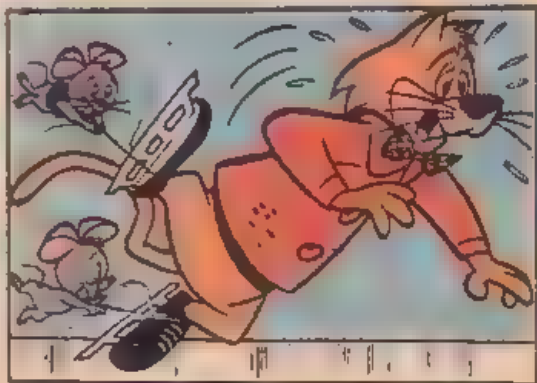
"Don't be hasty, Jinksy," grinned Pixie. "Look over there before you begin chasing us. What do you see?"

Mr. Jinks gulped, as he looked at the big crack in the ice which widened into a gaping hole not far away. Then he scooped up the two little mice and skated carefully away from the dangerous hole.

"Gee, thanks, fel ars," he breathed, when they were safely on shore. "I didn't know the ice was that unsafe. I thought it was still solid, even though spring is almost here. How can I say it — like I love you two meeces to pieces?" As Mr. Jinks hugged his little pals, he exclaimed, "You're the best li'l skate mates anyone ever had!"

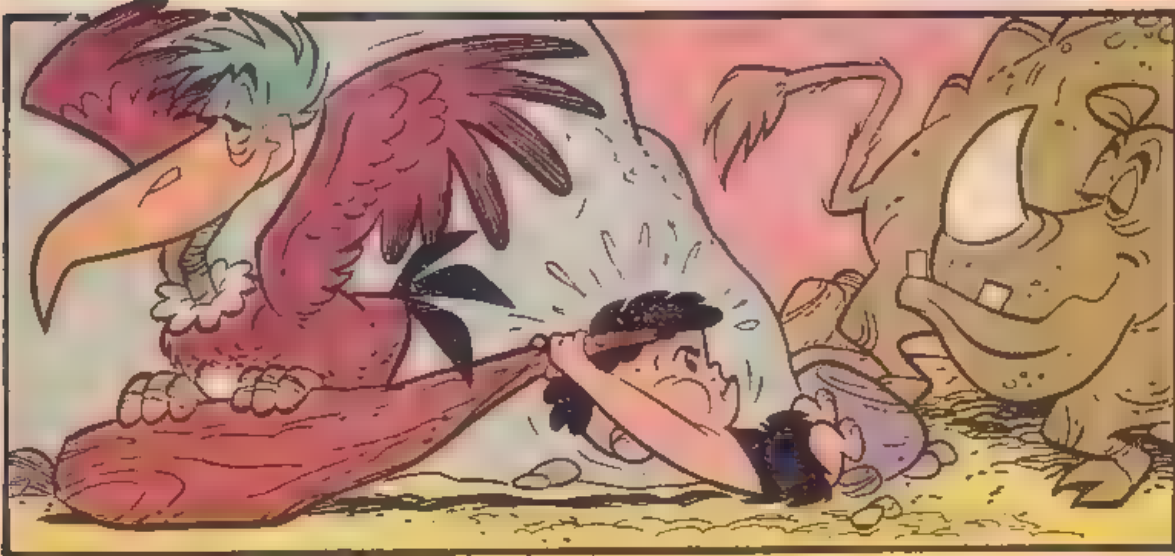
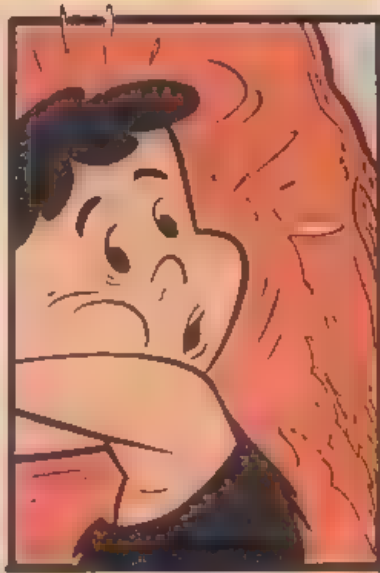
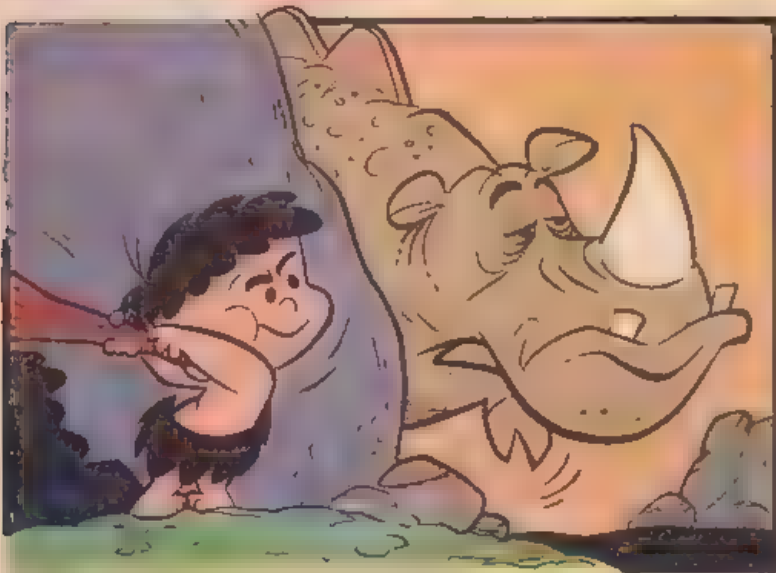
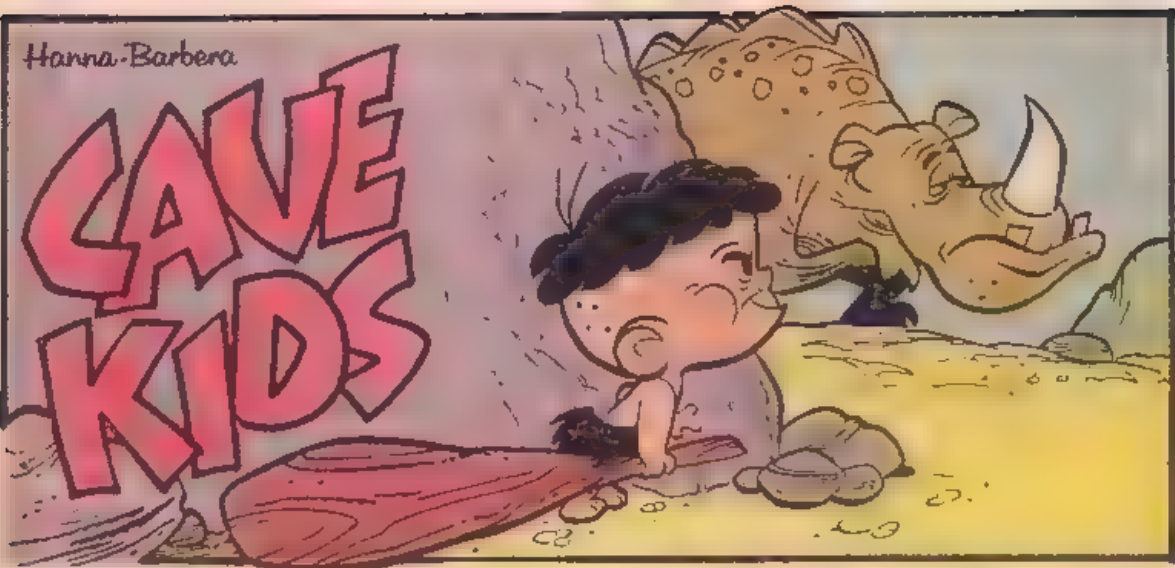
"SKATE MATES??" echoed Pixie and Dixie.

"What else?" grinned Mr. Jinks. "And next winter we will be skate mates all season long. We'll even be roller-skate mates this summer, just to prove I mean what I say!"

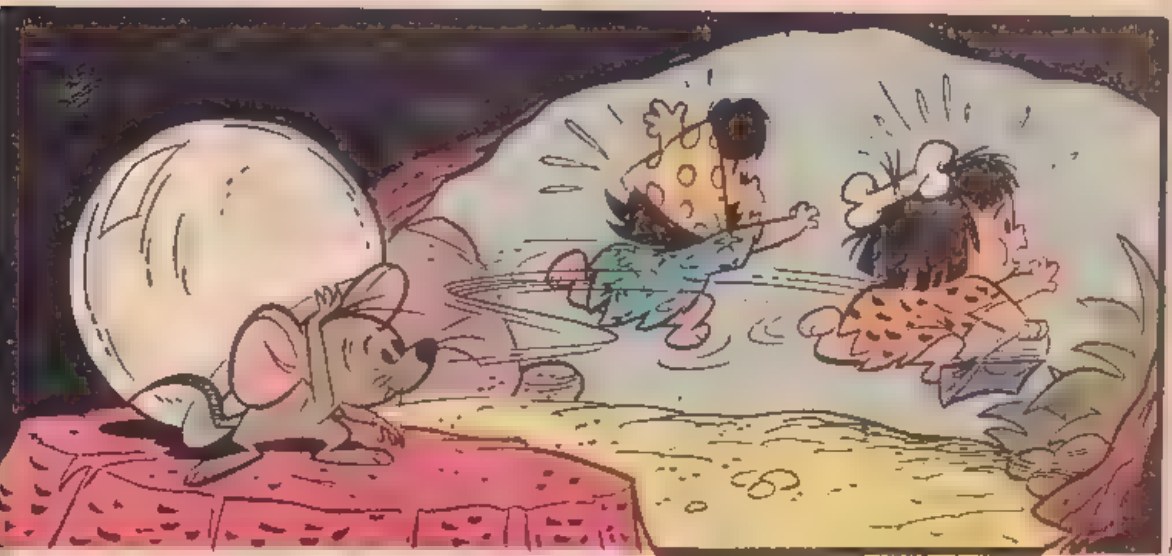
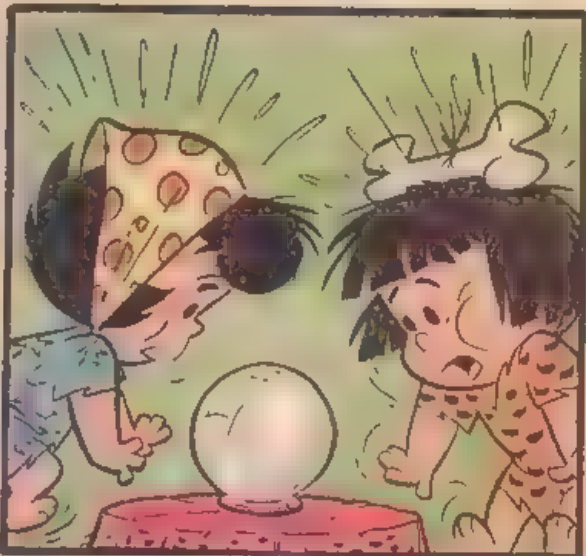
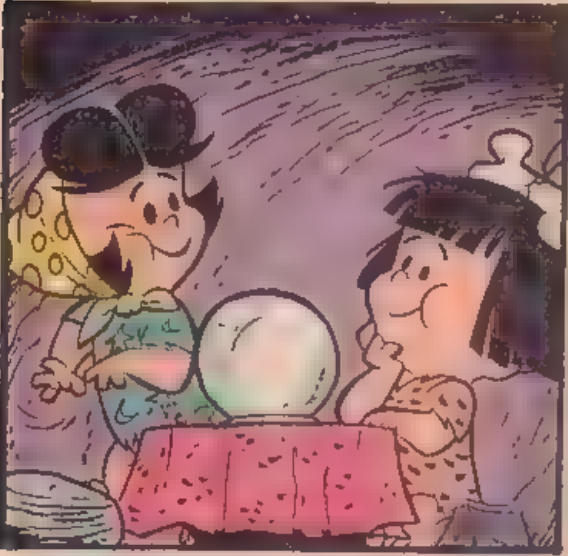
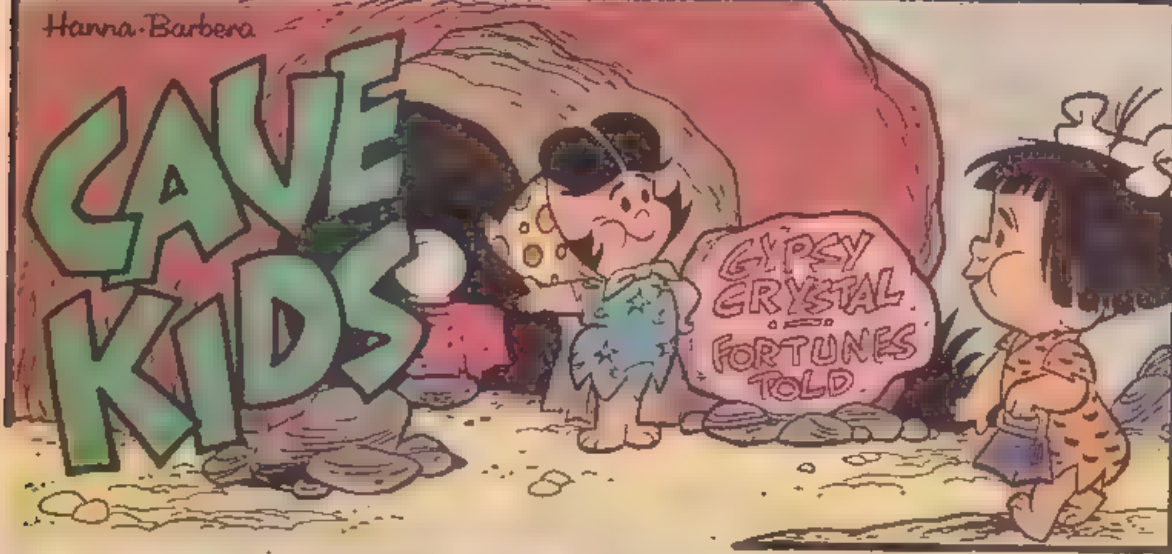


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CAVE KIDS

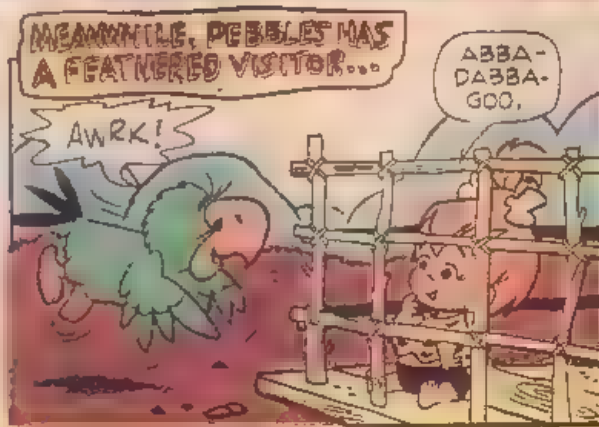
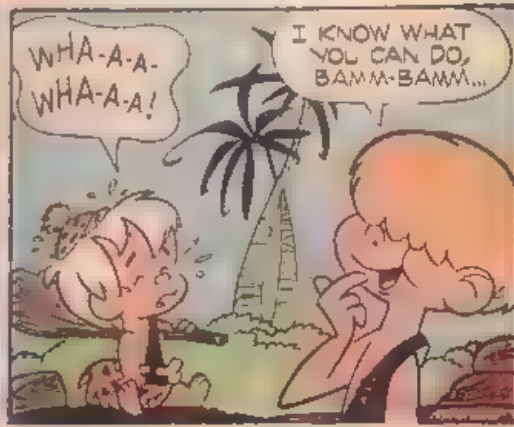
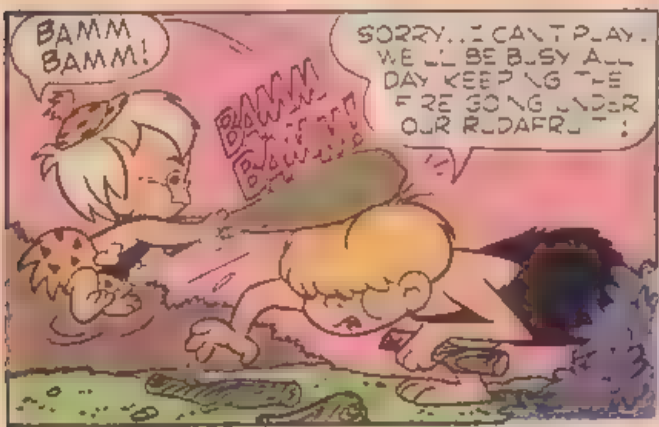
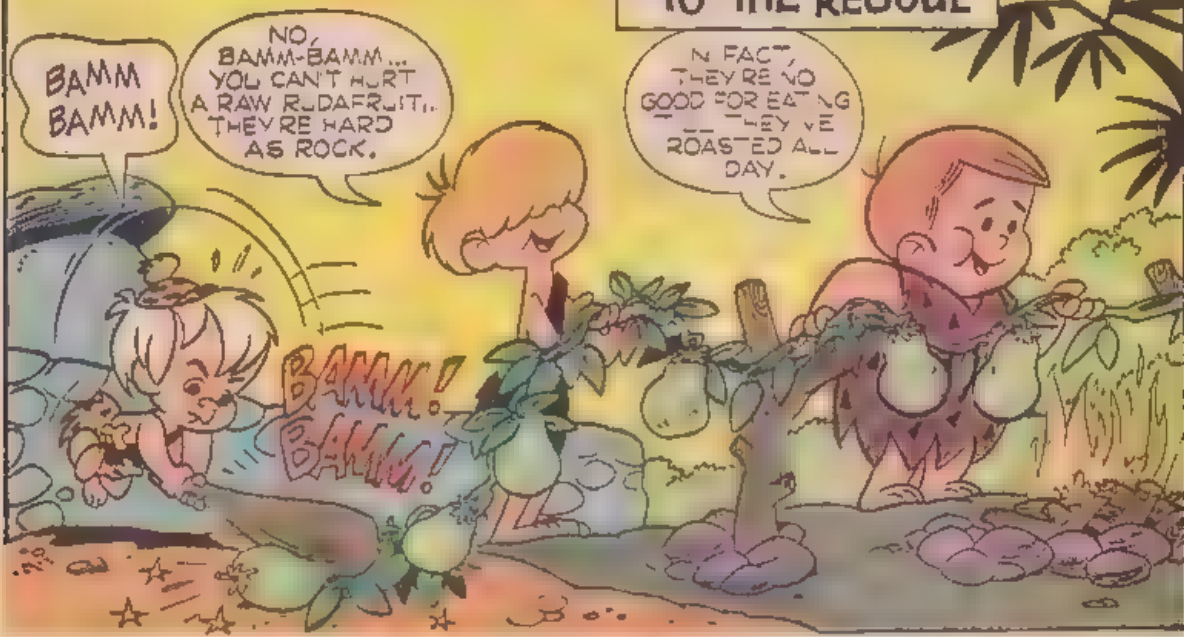


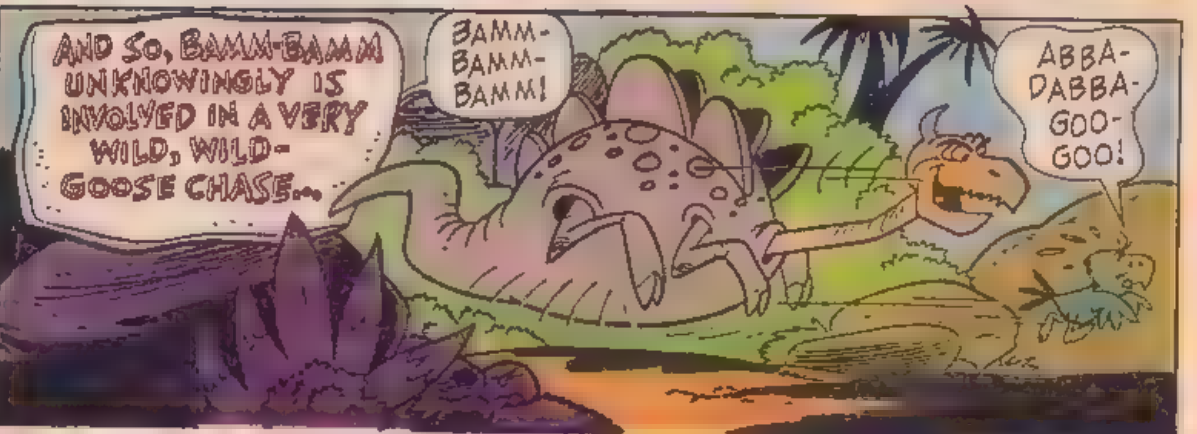
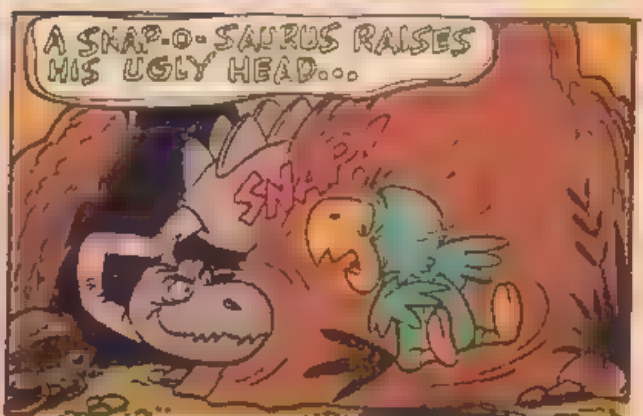
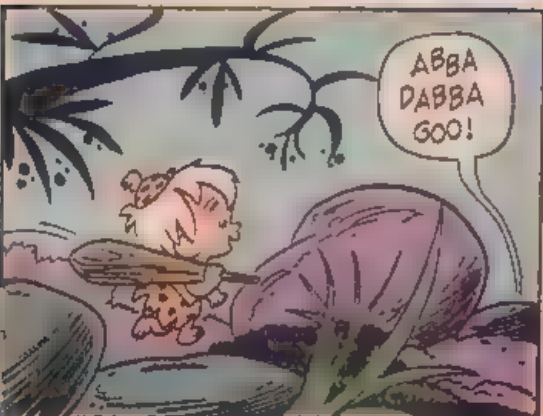
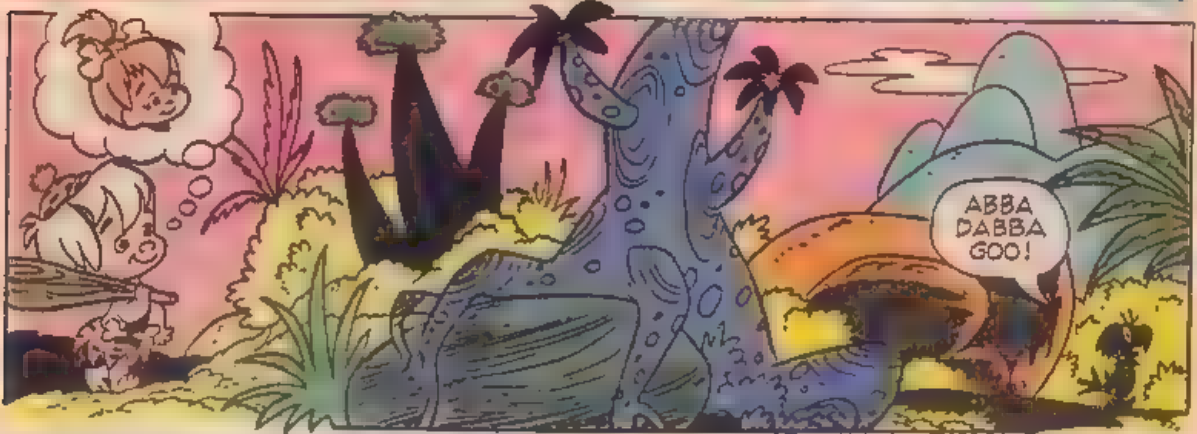
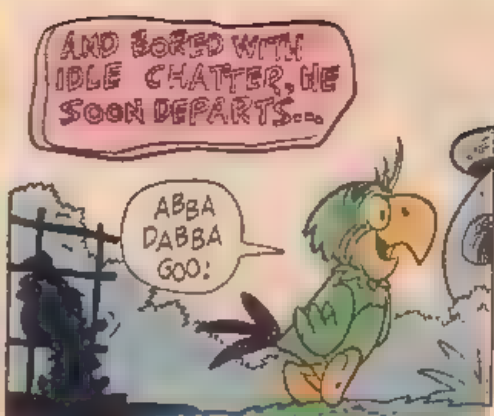
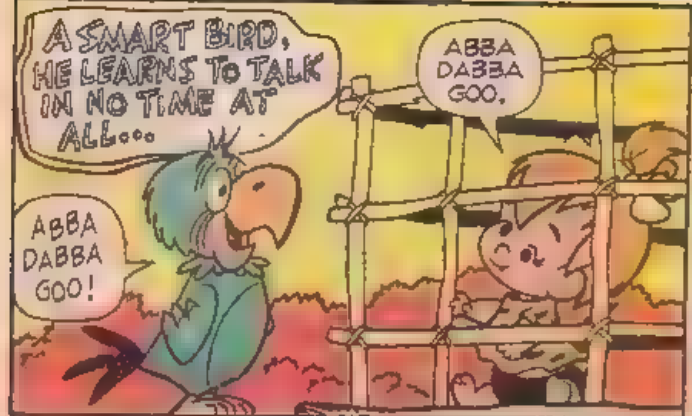
CAVE KIDS

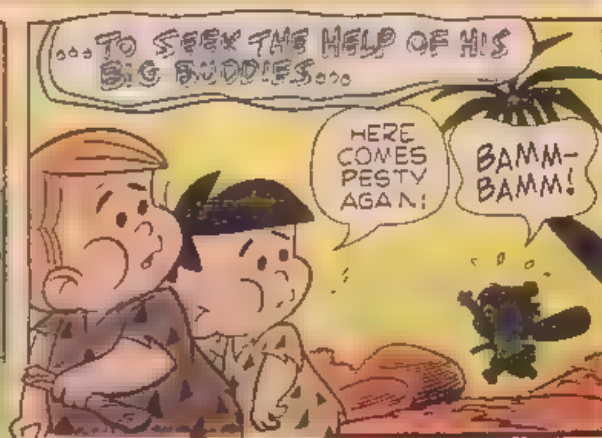
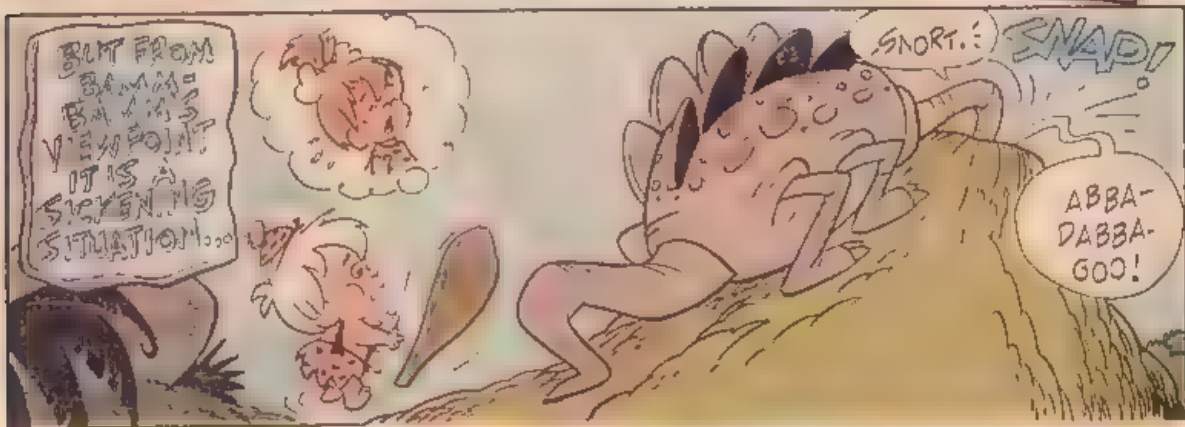
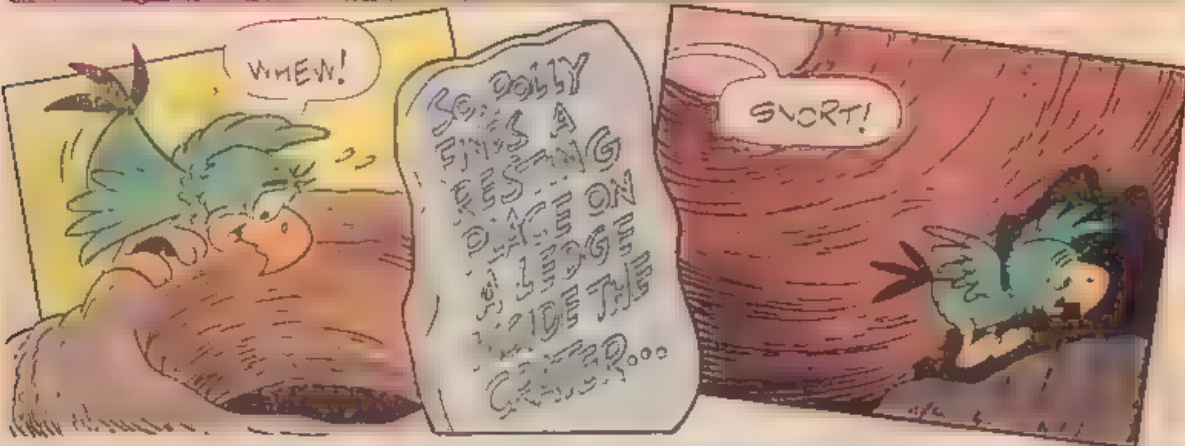
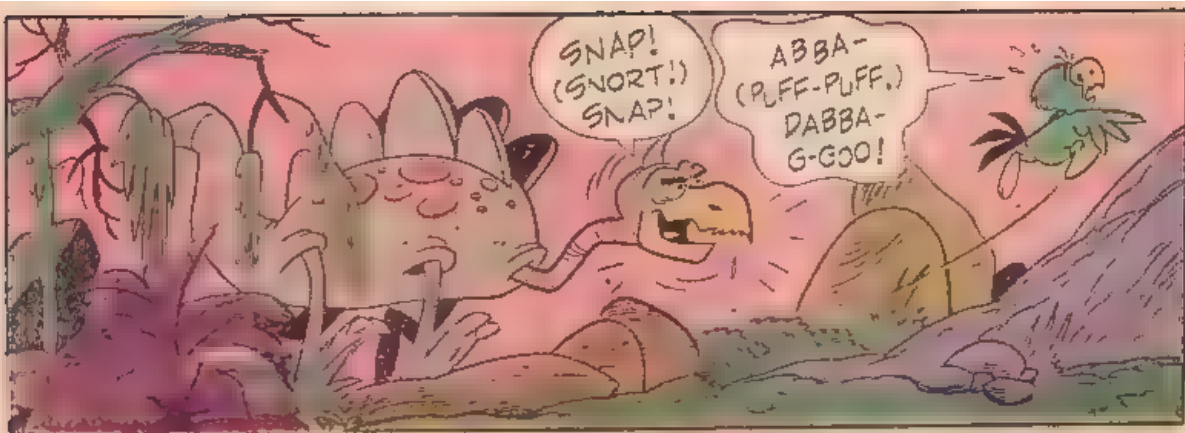


CAVE KIDS

TO THE RESCUE



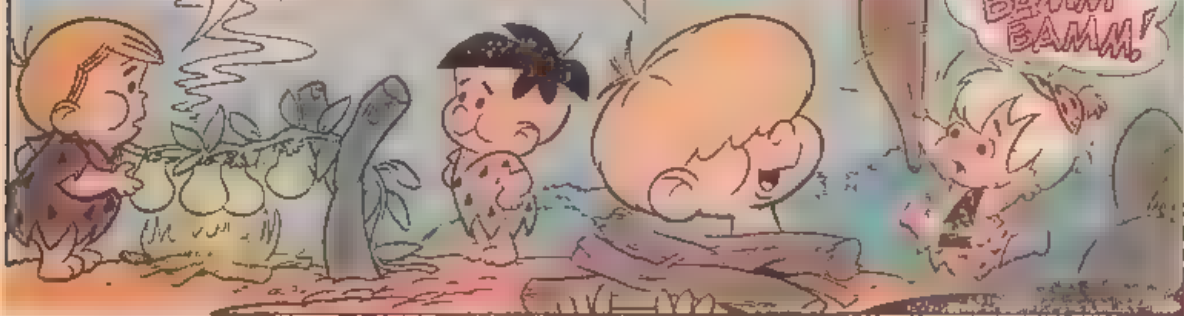




WE'LL BE BUSY ALL DAY FEEDING THE FIRE UNDER OUR RUDAFRUIT!

SO GO STON A TACK-O-SAURLS OR SOMETHING!

BAMM-BAMM-BAMM-BAMM!



IDEA



THAT'S -- TAKE A DP, BAMM-BAMM.

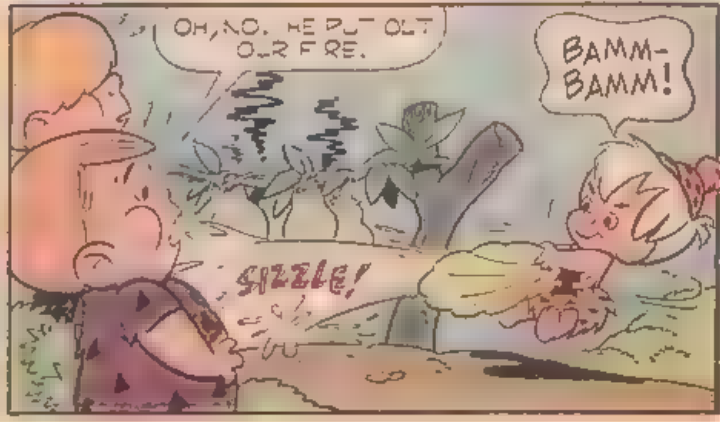
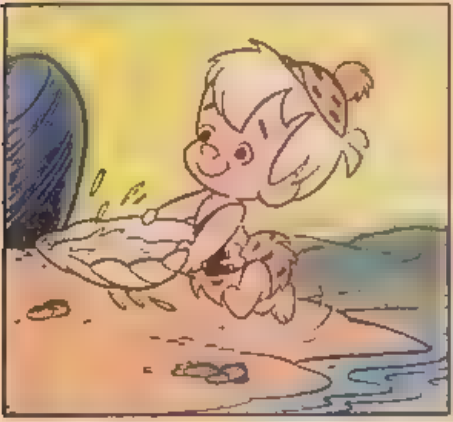
BAMMO!



OH, NO. HE PUT OUT OUR FIRE.

BAMM-BAMM!

SIZZLE!

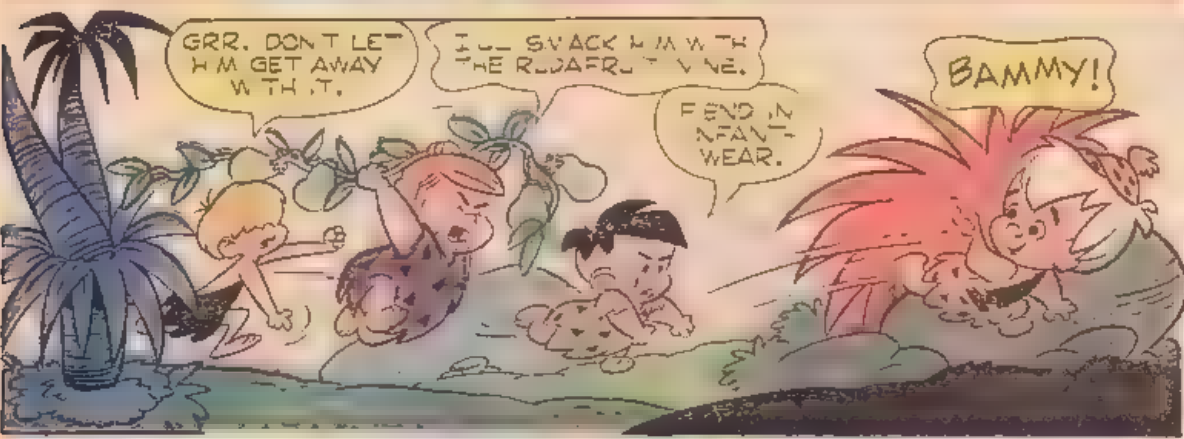


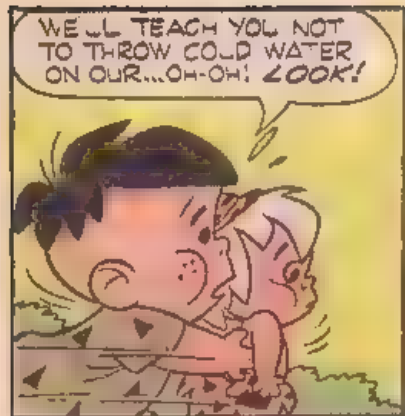
GRR. DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT.

I'LL SWACK HIM WITH THE RUDAFRUIT VINE.

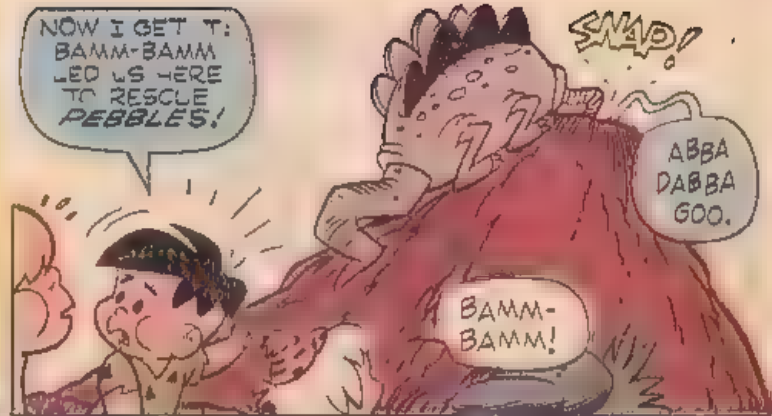
FEND IN NEAR WEAR.

BAMMY!





WE'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO THROW COLD WATER ON OUR...OH-OH! LOOK!

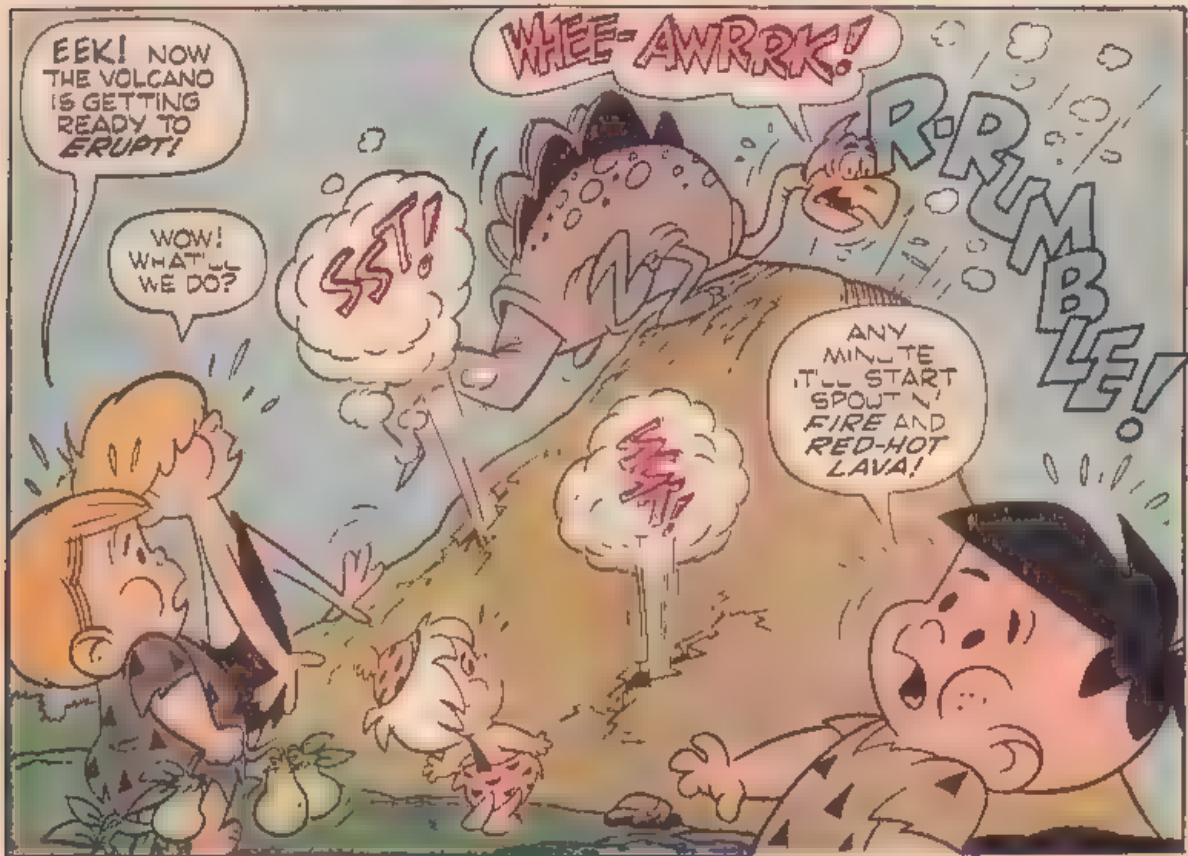


NOW I GET IT: BAMB-BAMB LED US HERE TO RESCUE PEBBLES!

SNAP!

ABBA DABBA GOO.

BAMB-BAMB!



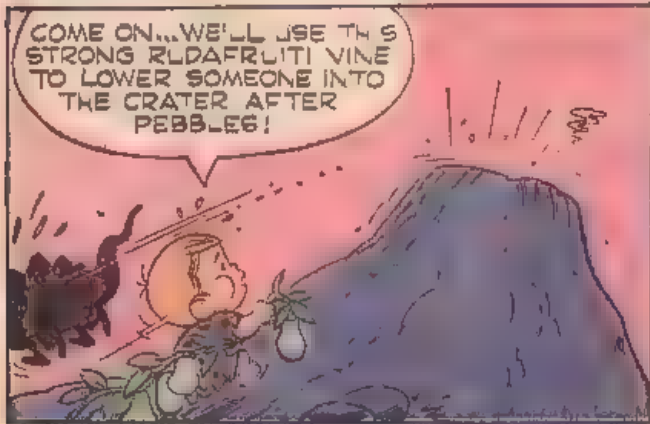
EEEK! NOW THE VOLCANO IS GETTING READY TO ERUPT!

WOW! WHAT'LL WE DO?

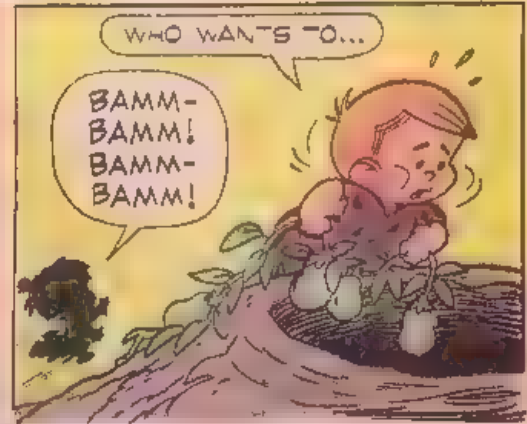
WHEE-AWRRK!

R-RUMBLE!

ANY MINUTE IT'LL START SPOUT N' FIRE AND RED-HOT LAVA!

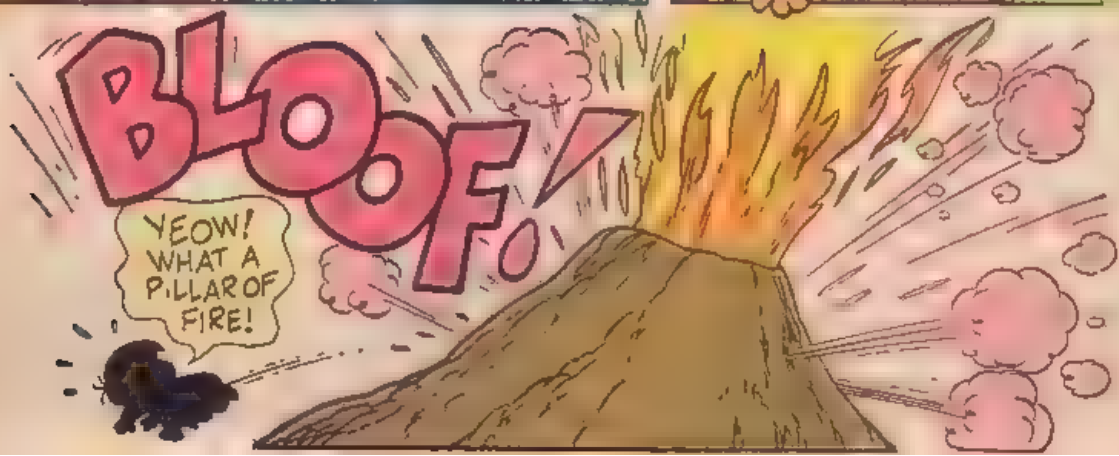
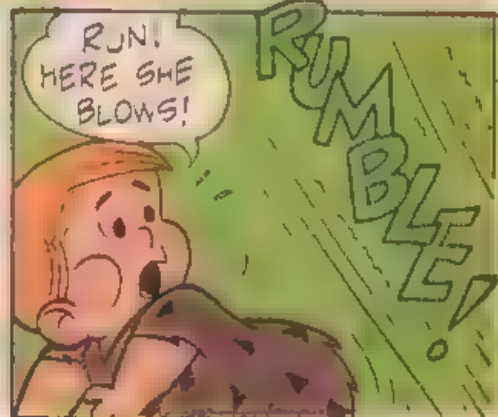
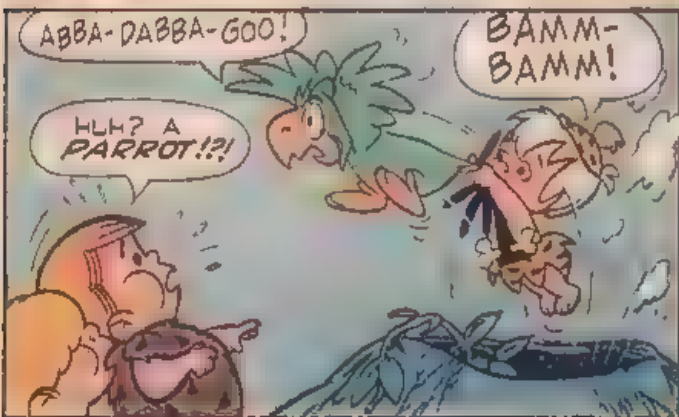
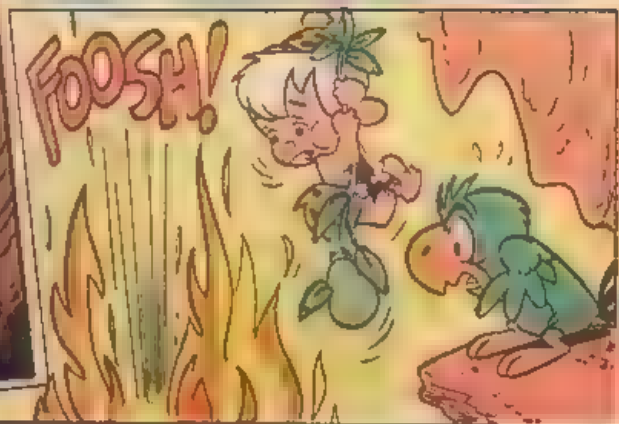
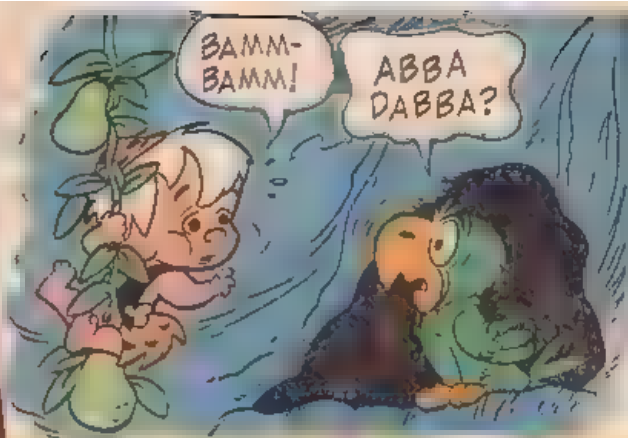
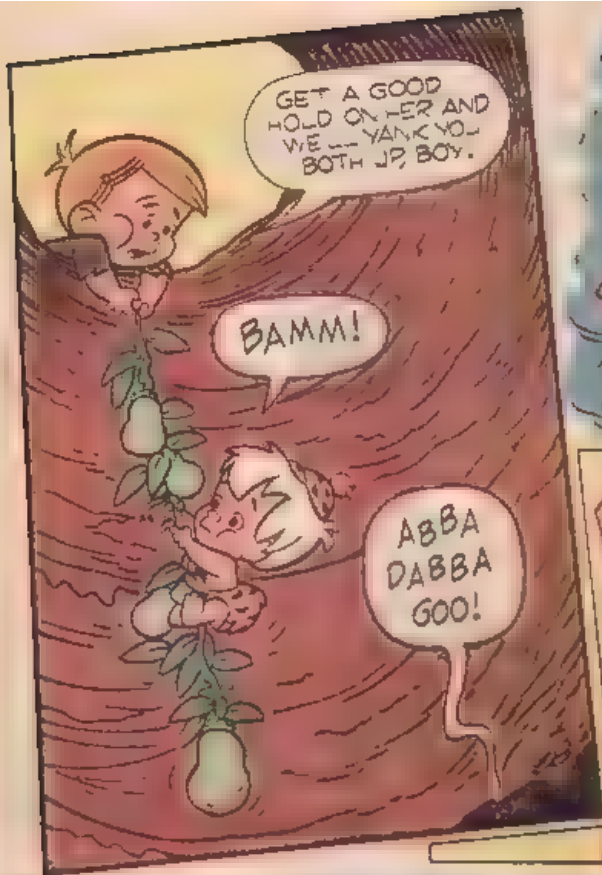


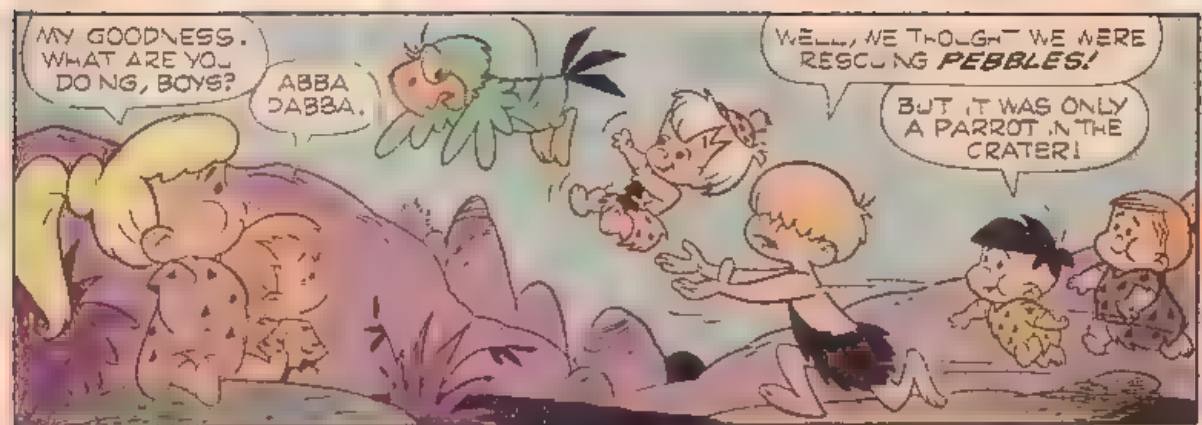
COME ON...WE'LL USE TH'S STRONG RLDAFRUITI VINE TO LOWER SOMEONE INTO THE CRATER AFTER PEBBLES!



WHO WANTS TO...

BAMB-BAMB!
BAMB-BAMB!



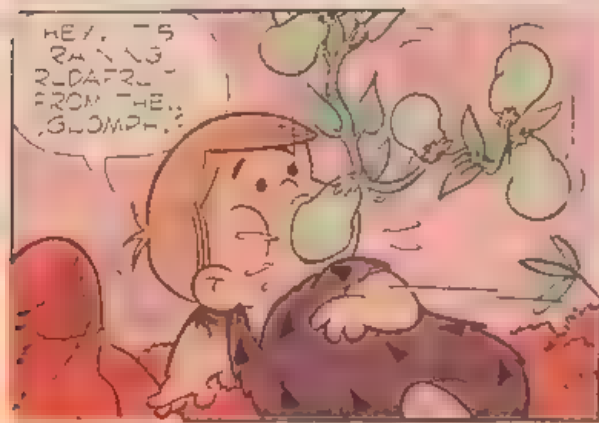


MY GOODNESS. WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BOYS?

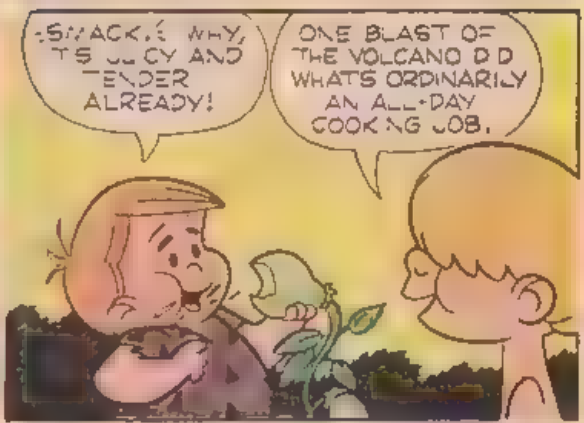
ABBA DABBA.

WELL, WE THOUGHT WE WERE RESCUING **PEBBLES!**

BUT IT WAS ONLY A PARROT IN THE CRATER!

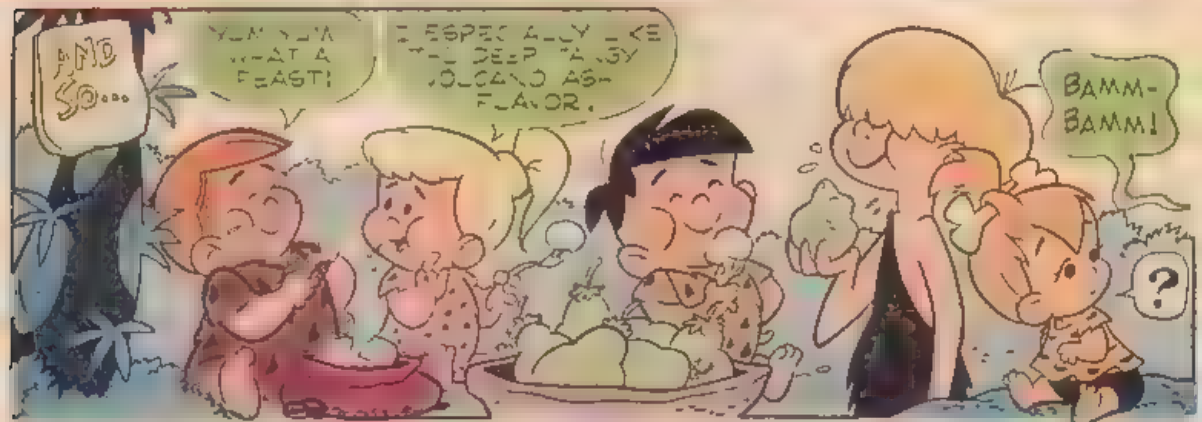


HEY, IT'S RAINING PEBBLES FROM THE GLOOM!



SMACK! WHY, IT'S JUICY AND TENDER ALREADY!

ONE BLAST OF THE VOLCANO'D'D WHAT'S ORDINARILY AN ALL-DAY COOKING JOB.



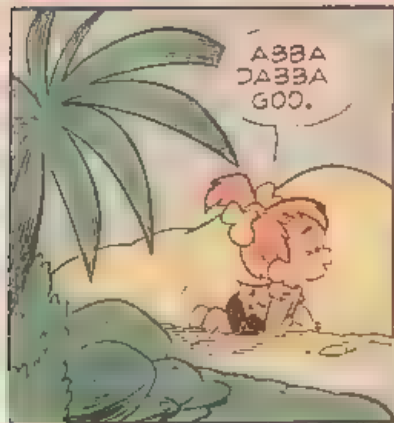
AND SO...

YUM YUM! WHAT A FEAST!

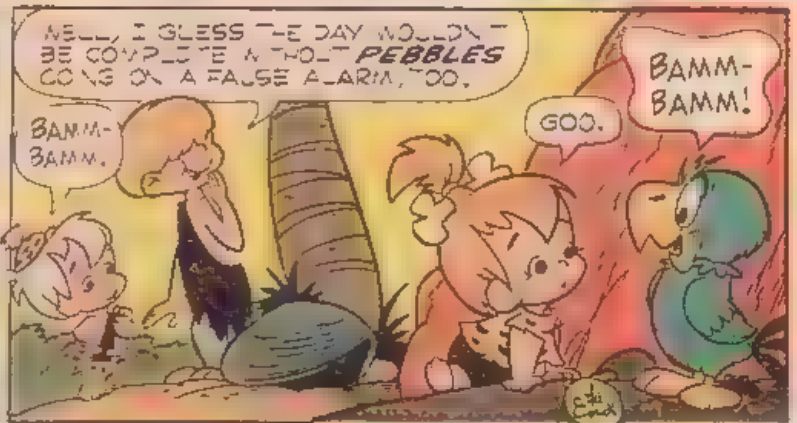
I ESPECIALLY LIKE THE DEEP TANGY VOLCANO AS-FLAVOR.

BAMM-BAMM!

?



ABBA DABBA GOO.



WELL, I GUESS THE DAY WOULD'VE BEEN COMPLETE WITHOUT **PEBBLES** GOING ON A FALSE ALARM, TOO.

BAMM-BAMM.

GOO.

BAMM-BAMM!

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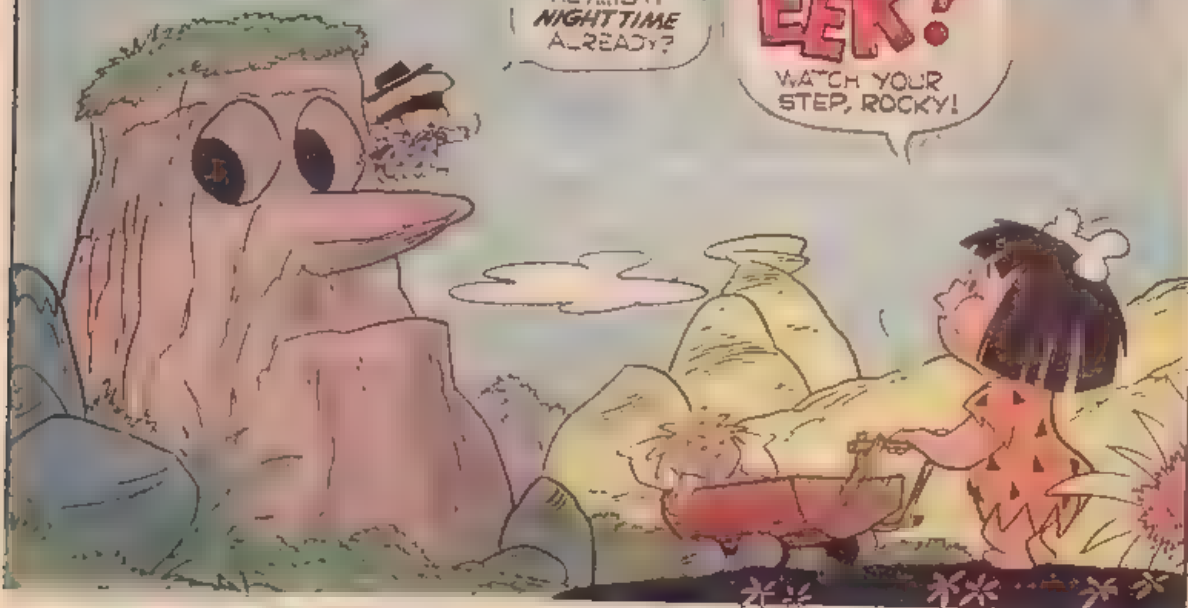
CAVE KIDS

THE BEASTLY
WINDBAG

HEY... IS IT
NIGHT TIME
ALREADY?

EEK!

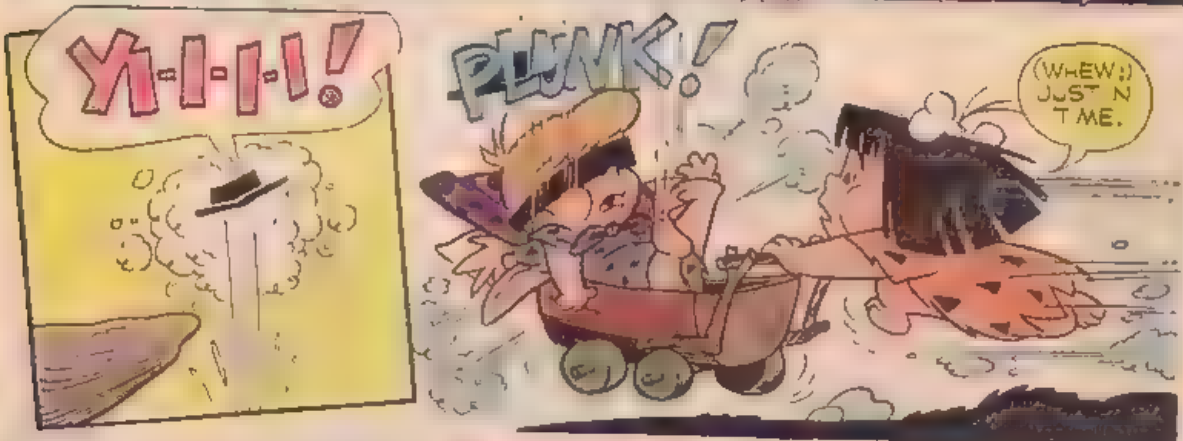
WATCH YOUR
STEP, ROCKY!



Y-I-I-I!

PLUNK!

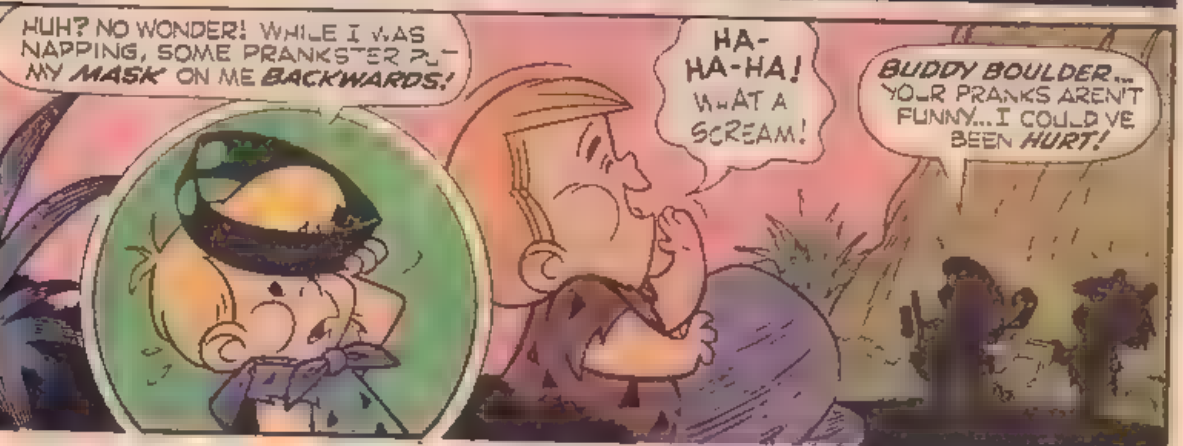
(WHEW!)
JUST N
T ME.

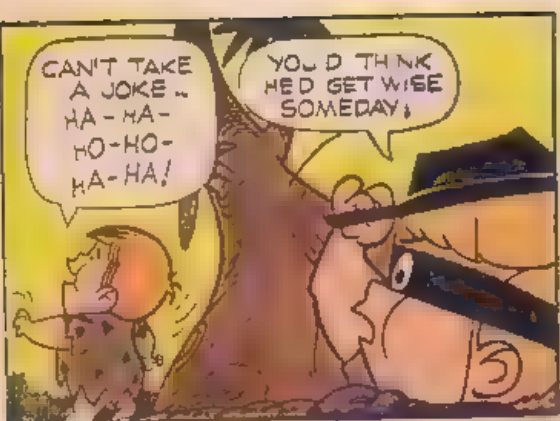


HUH? NO WONDER! WHILE I WAS
NAPPING, SOME PRANKSTER PUT
MY MASK ON ME BACKWARDS!

HA-
HA-HA!
WHAT A
SCREAM!

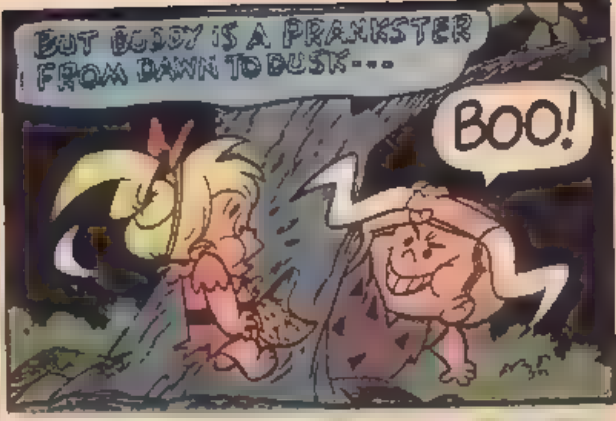
BUDDY BOULDER...
YOUR PRANKS AREN'T
FUNNY... I COULD'VE
BEEN HURT!





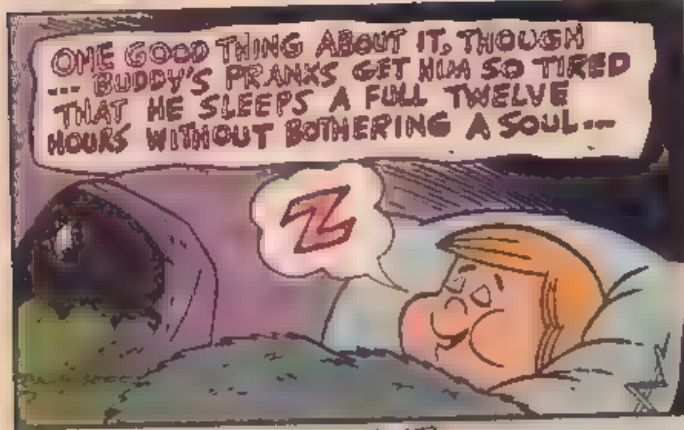
CAN'T TAKE A JOKE -- HA-HA-HO-HO-HA-HA!

YOU'D THINK HED GET WISE SOMEDAY!



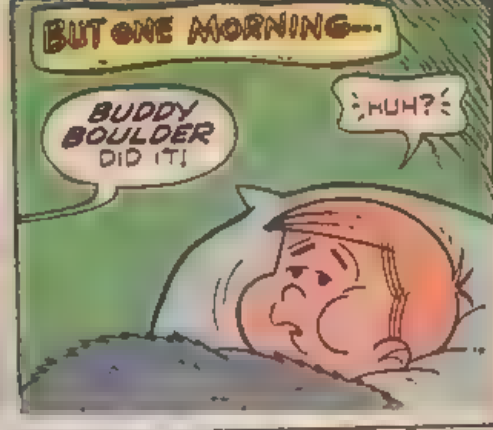
BUT BUDDY IS A PRANKSTER FROM DAWN TO DUSK...

BOO!



ONE GOOD THING ABOUT IT, THOUGH -- BUDDY'S PRANKS GET HIM SO TIRED THAT HE SLEEPS A FULL TWELVE HOURS WITHOUT BOTHERING A SOUL...

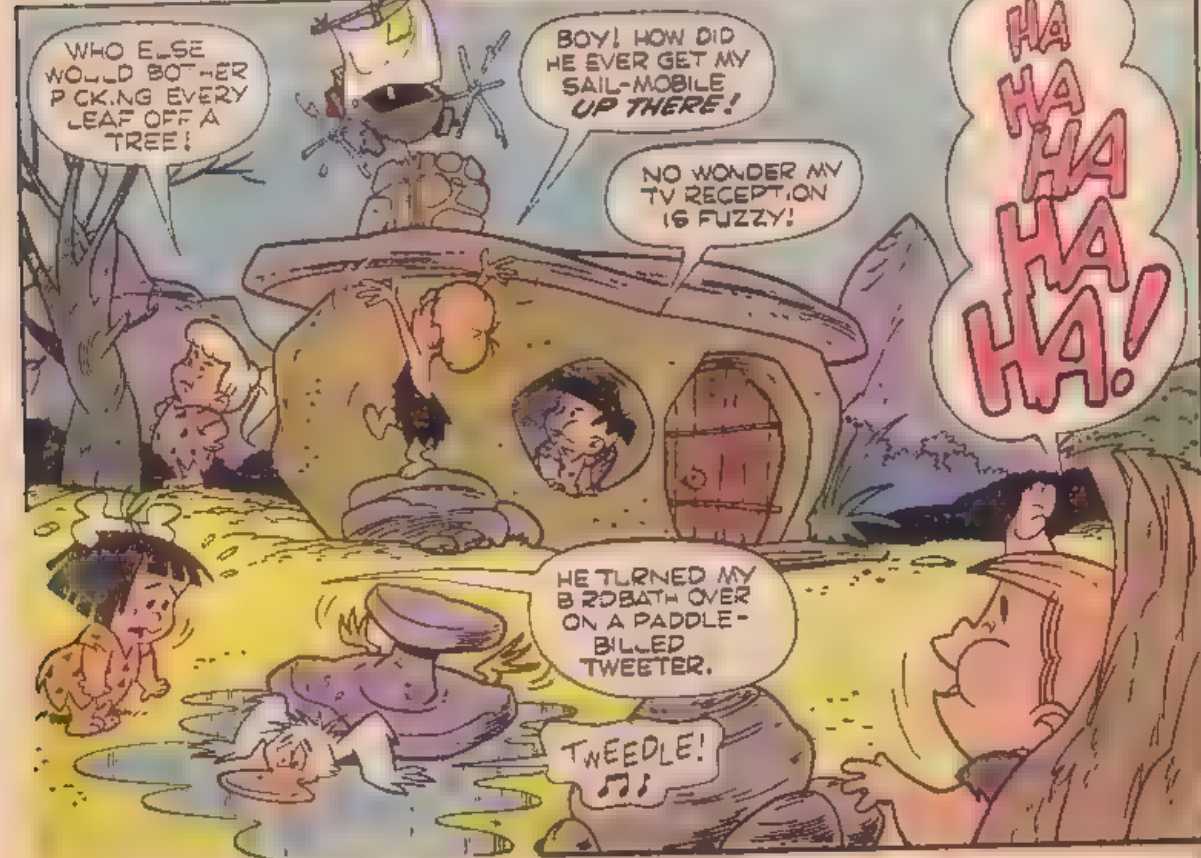
Z



BUT ONE MORNING...

BUDDY BOULDER DID IT!

...HUH?!



WHO ELSE WOULD BOTHER PICKING EVERY LEAF OFF A TREE!

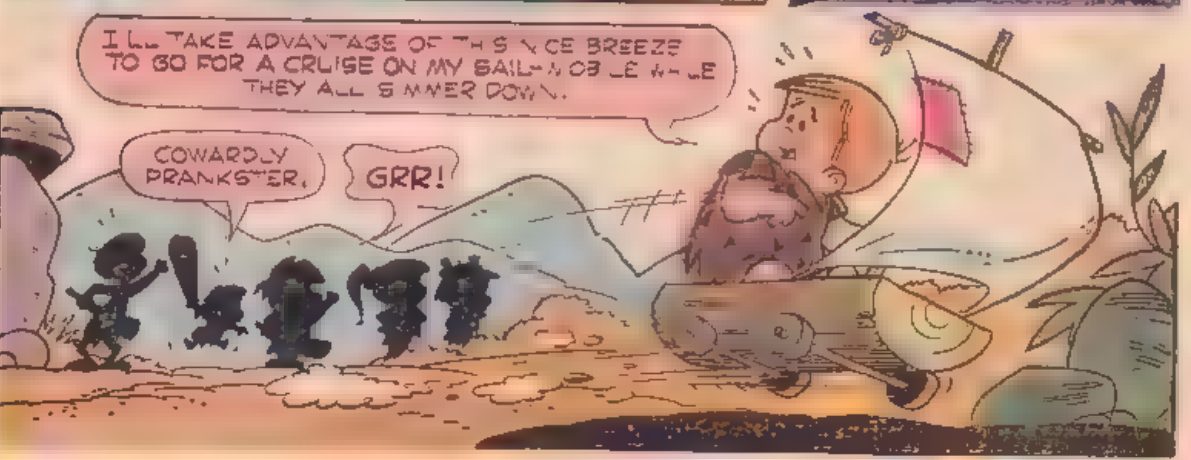
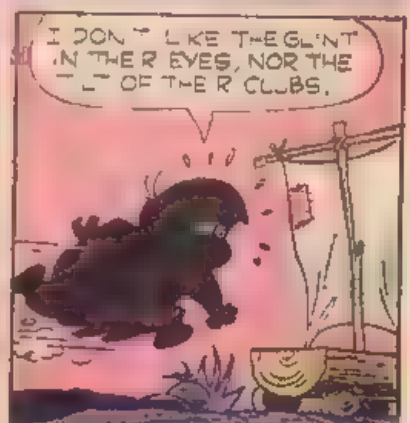
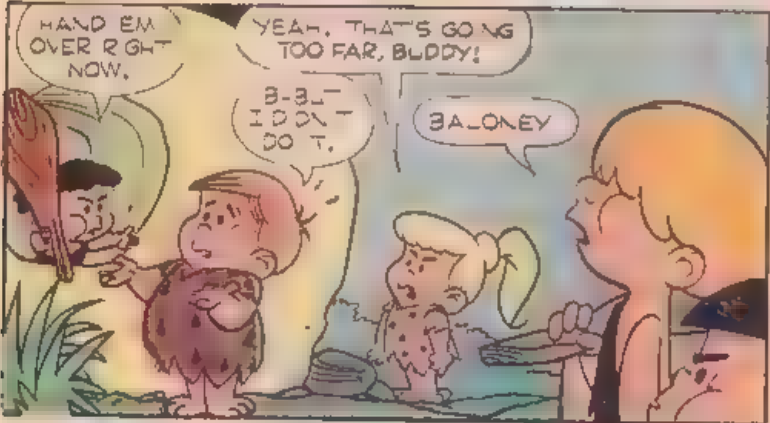
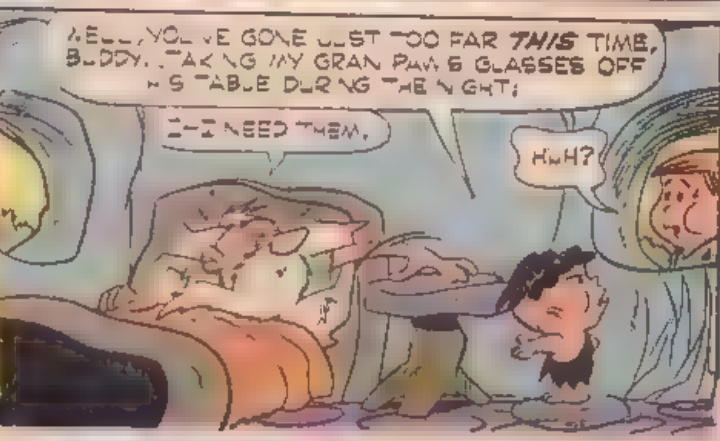
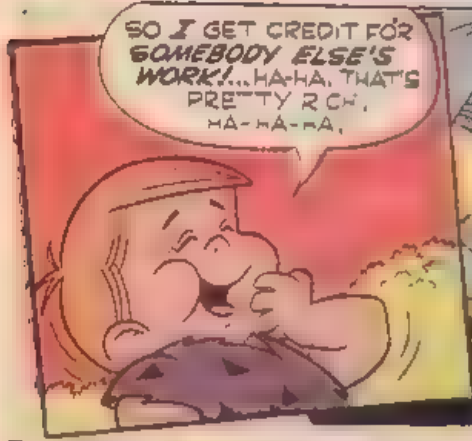
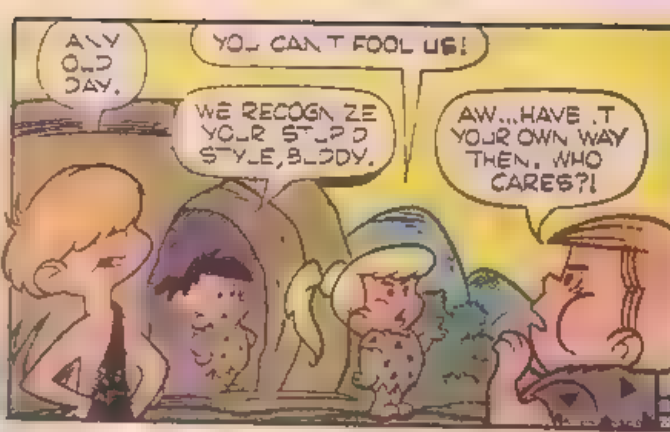
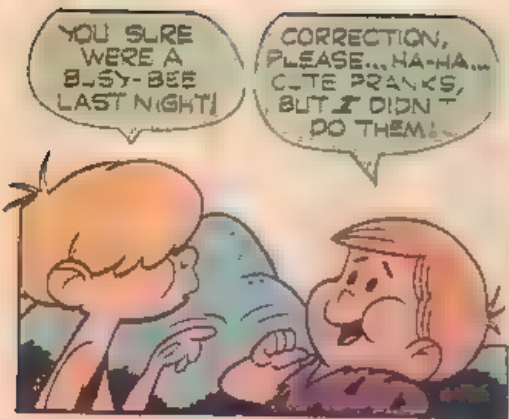
BOY! HOW DID HE EVER GET MY SAIL-MOBILE UP THERE!

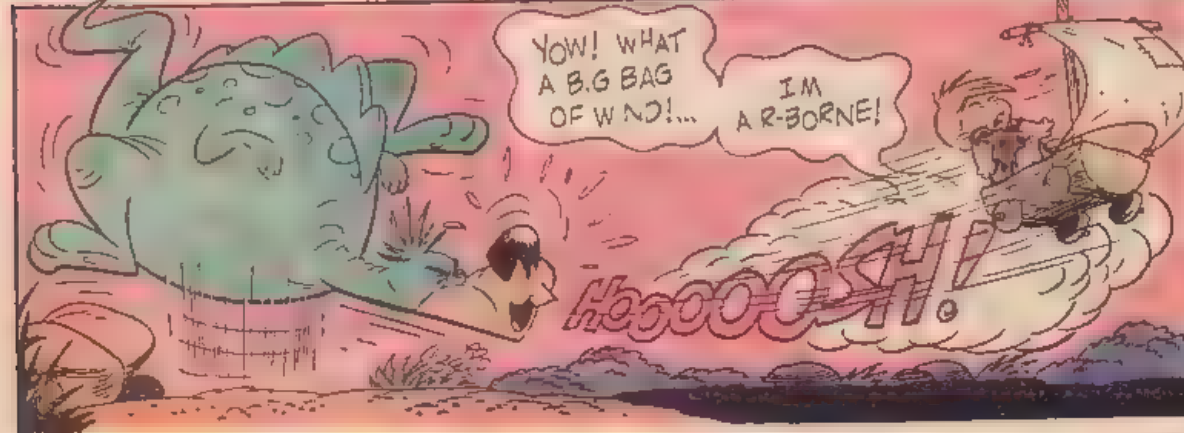
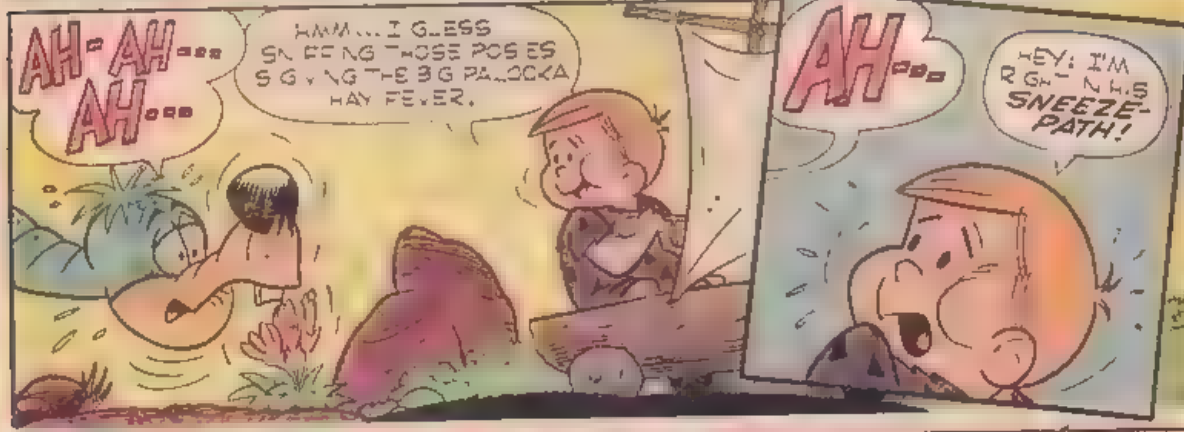
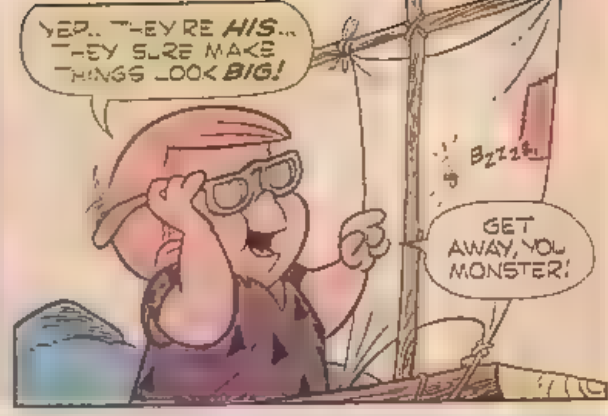
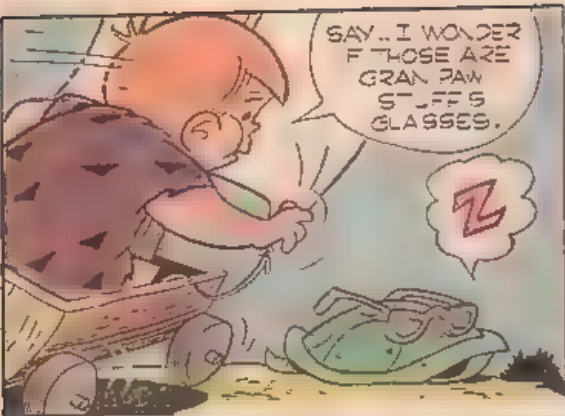
NO WONDER MY TV RECEPTION IS FUZZY!

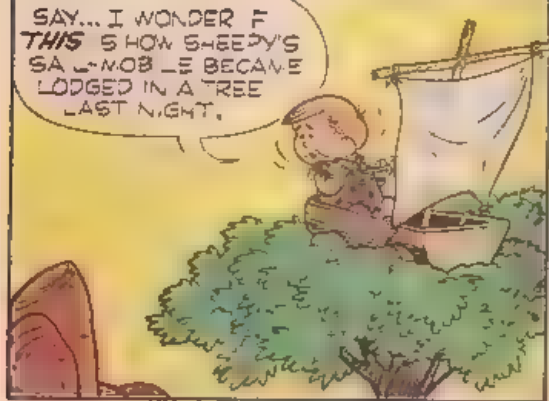
HA HA HA HA HA!

HE TURNED MY BROTHER OVER ON A PADDLE-BILLED TWEETER.

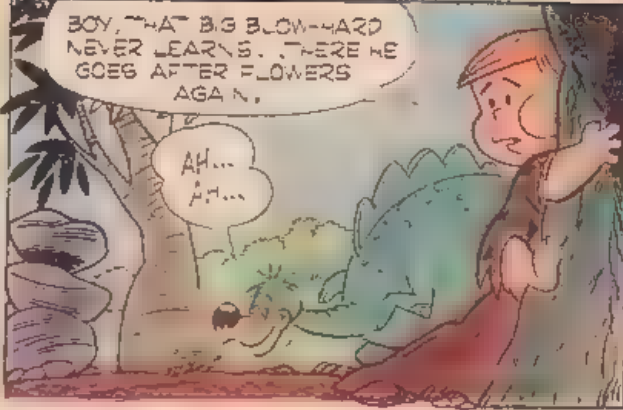
TWEEDLE! ♪♪





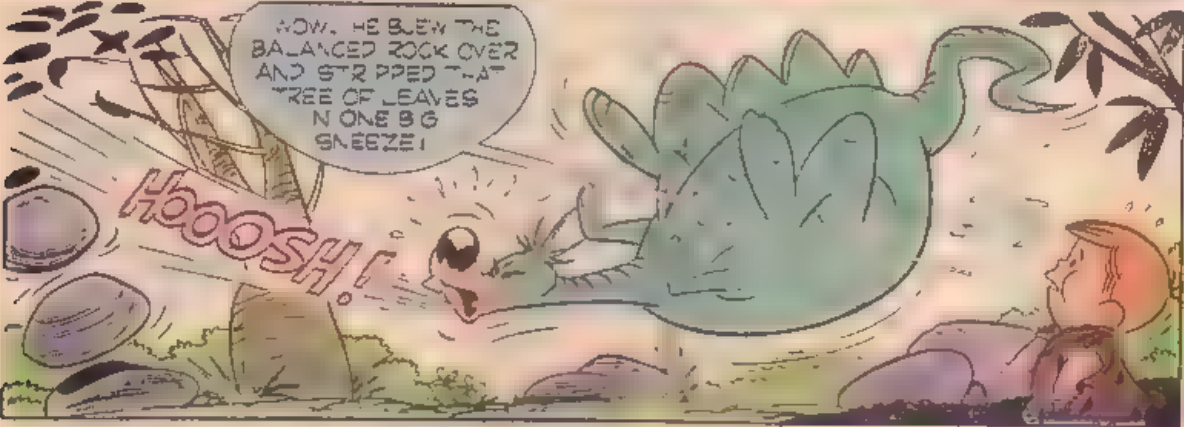


SAY... I WONDER F
THIS IS HOW SHEEPY'S
SA L-MOB LE BECAME
LODGED IN A TREE
LAST NIGHT.



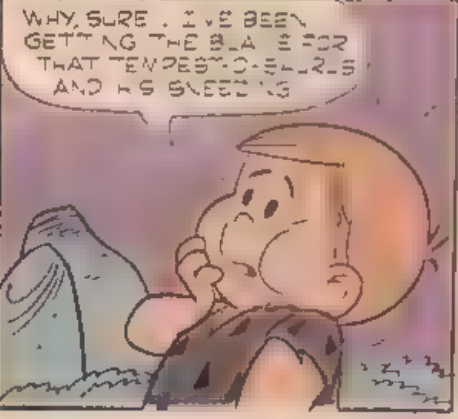
BOY, THAT BIG BLOW-HARD
NEVER LEARNS. THERE HE
GOES AFTER FLOWERS
AGAIN.

AH...
AH...

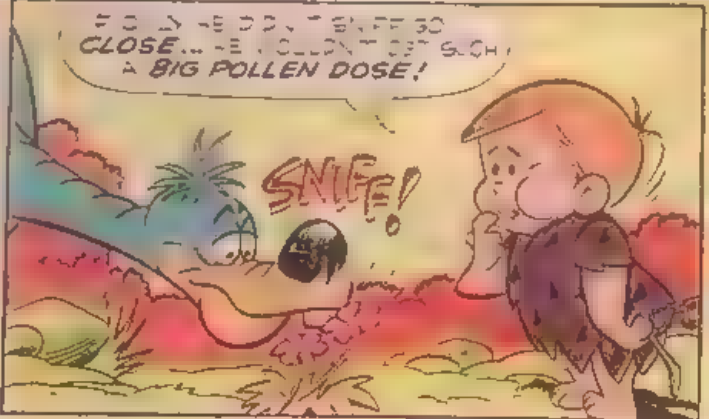


NOW, HE BLEW THE
BALANCED ROCK OVER
AND STRIPPED THAT
TREE OF LEAVES
N ONE BIG
SNEEZE!

HOOOSH!

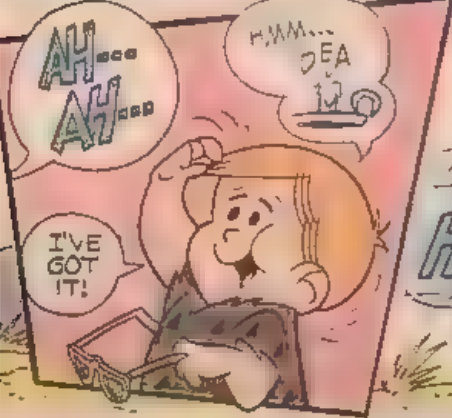


WHY SURE, I'VE BEEN
GETTING THE BLAME FOR
THAT TEMPEST OF STONES
AND HIS SNEEZING



SO CLOSE... HE ALMOST GOT SUCH
A BIG POLLEN DOSE!

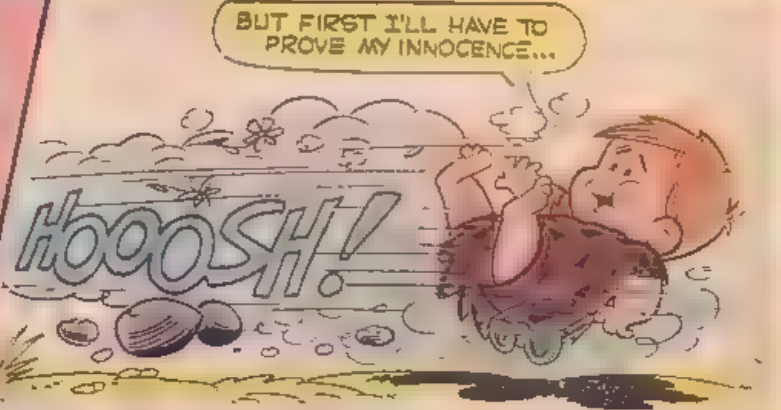
SNIFE!



AH...
AH...

MMM...
DEA
M

I'VE
GOT
IT!



BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO
PROVE MY INNOCENCE...

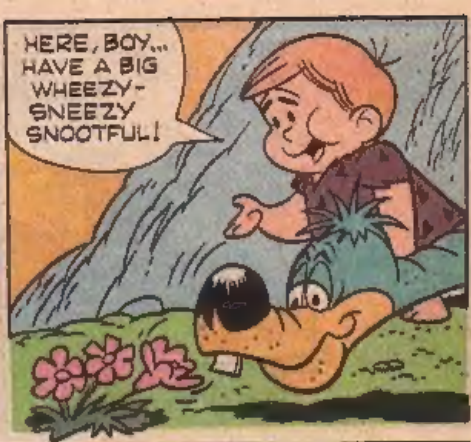
HOOOSH!



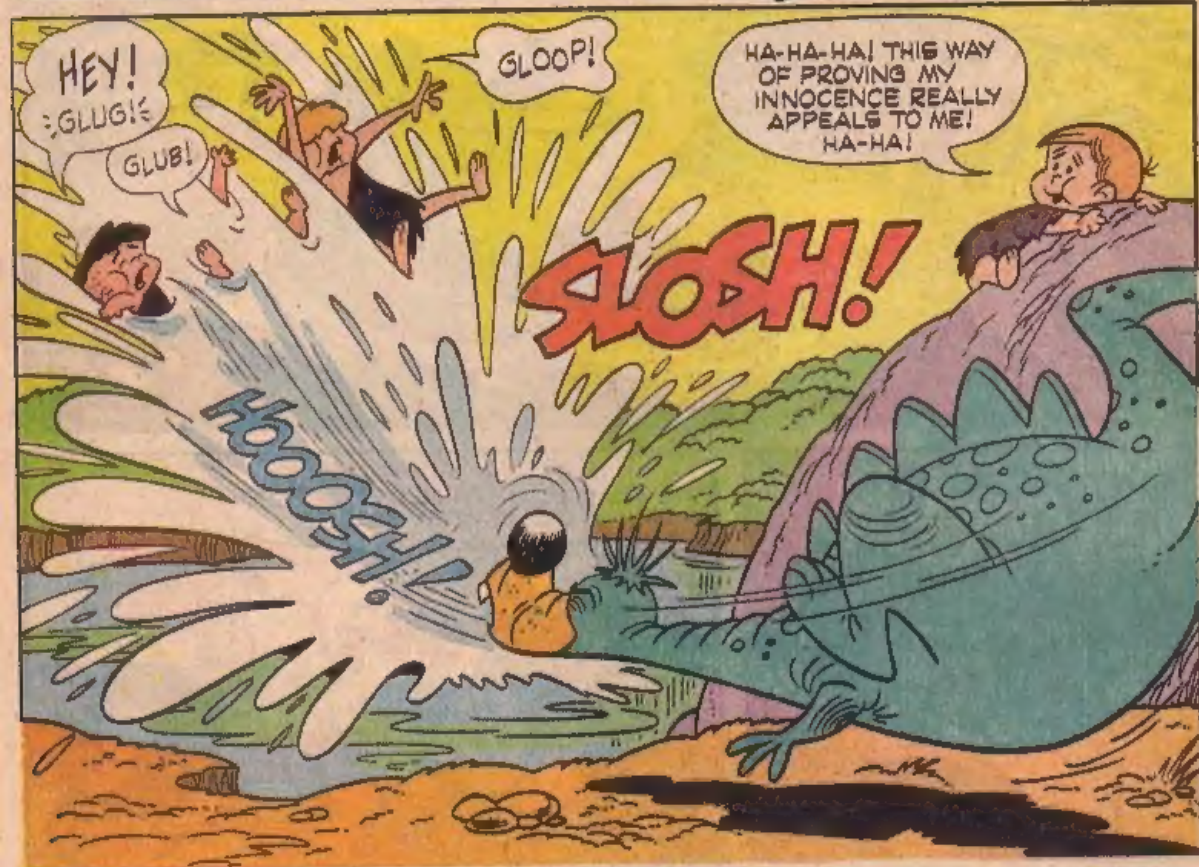
YOO-HOO, FELLAS! COME AND GET GRAN' PAW STUFF'S GLASSES... IF YOU CAN!

THERE'S THE NASTY PRANKSTER!

GET HIM!



HERE, BOY... HAVE A BIG WHEEZY-SNEEZY-SNEEZY SNOOTFUL!

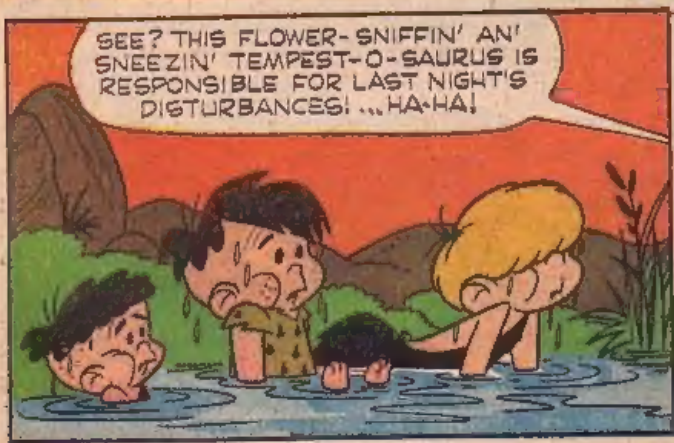


HEY!
GLUG!
GLUB!

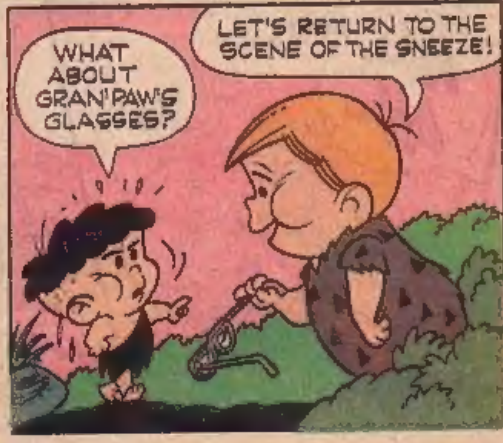
GLOOP!

HA-HA-HA! THIS WAY OF PROVING MY INNOCENCE REALLY APPEALS TO ME!
HA-HA!

SLOSH!

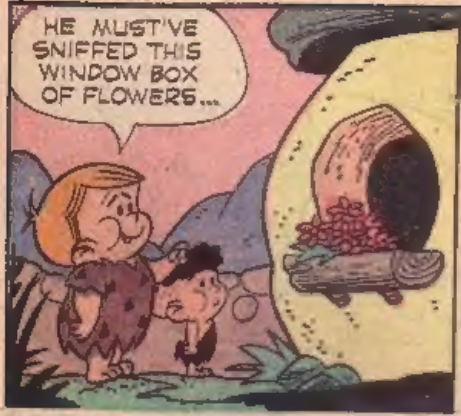


SEE? THIS FLOWER-SNIFFIN' AN' SNEEZIN' TEMPEST-O-SAURUS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR LAST NIGHT'S DISTURBANCES! ... HA-HA!



LET'S RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE SNEEZE!

WHAT ABOUT GRAN' PAW'S GLASSES?



HE MUST'VE SNIFFED THIS WINDOW BOX OF FLOWERS...

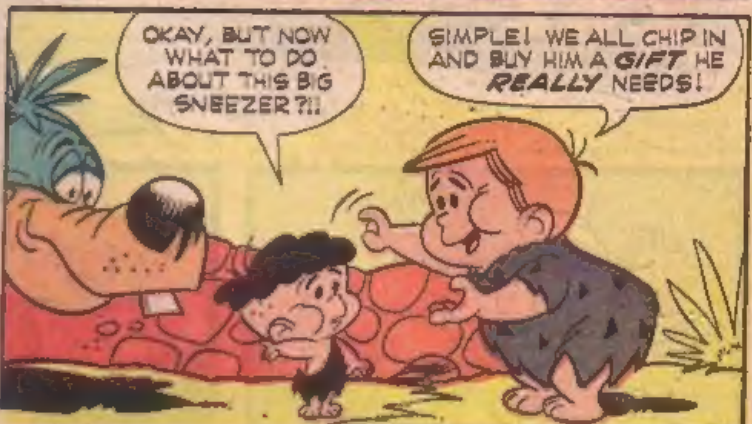


...THEN BLEW THE GLASSES OFF THE TABLE AND OUT THE OTHER WINDOW!

I THOUGHT I FELT A DRAFT LAST NIGHT!

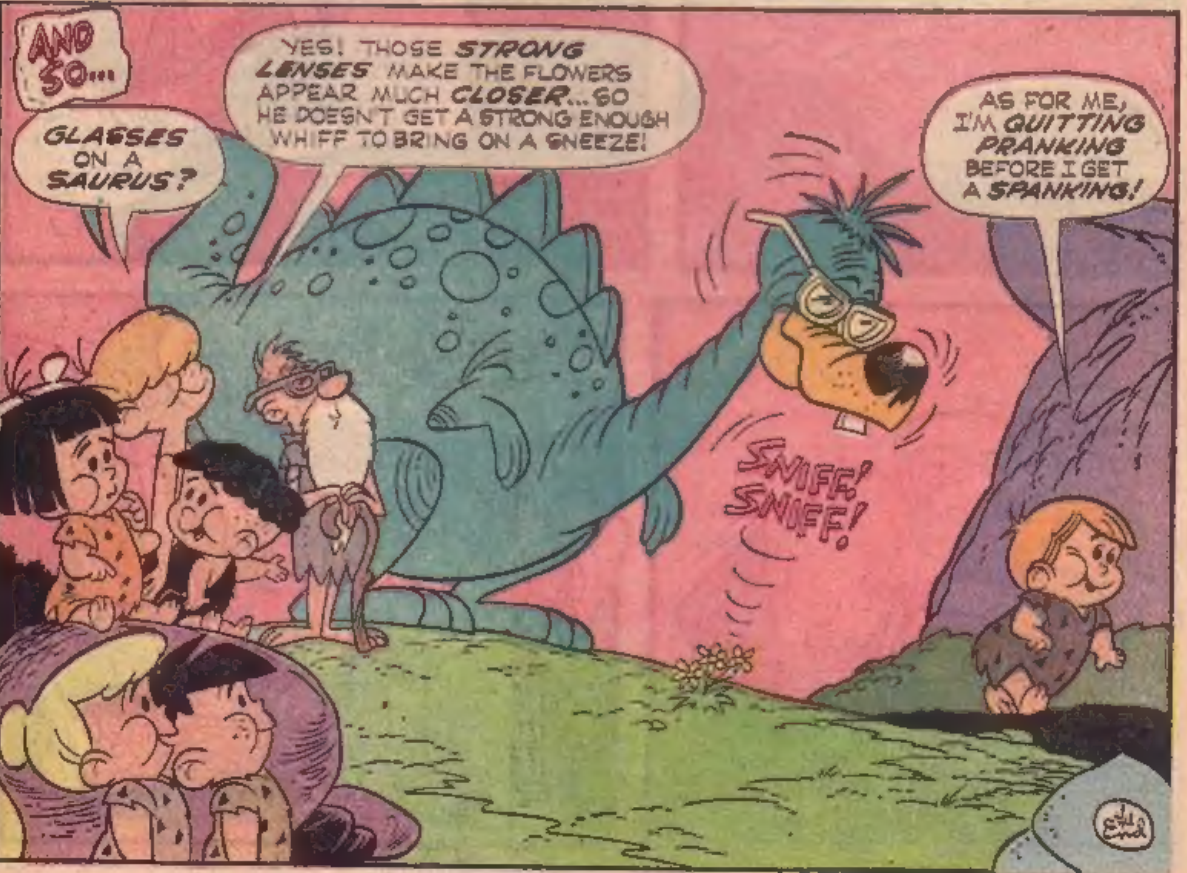


THE GLASSES LANDED ON A TURTLE'S BACK... HE WALKED OFF... THEN I FOUND THEM THERE THIS MORNING!



OKAY, BUT NOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT THIS BIG SNEEZER?!!

SIMPLE! WE ALL CHIP IN AND BUY HIM A GIFT HE REALLY NEEDS!



AND SO...

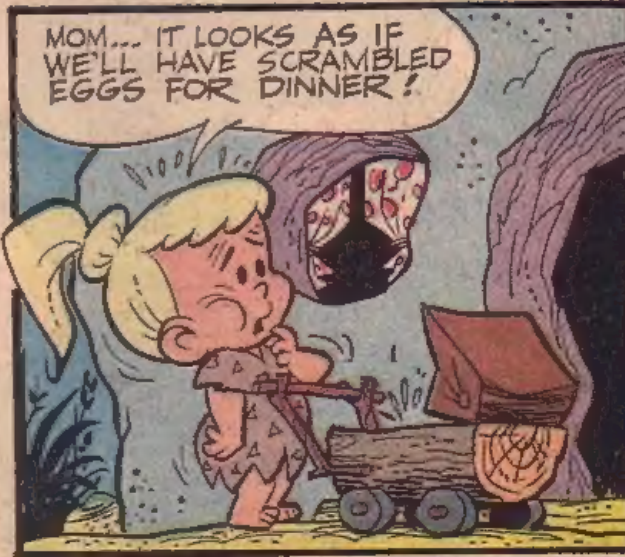
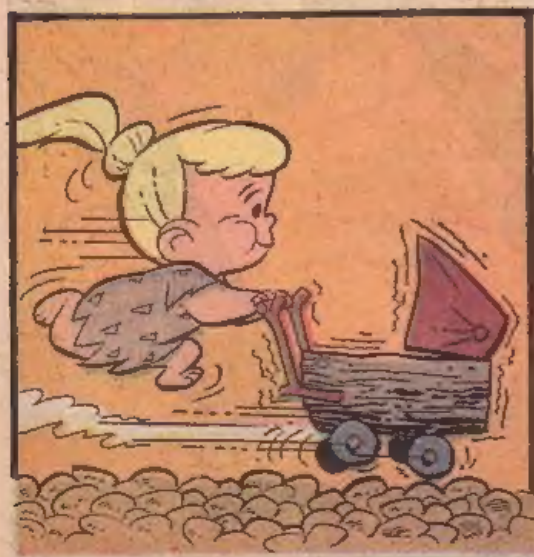
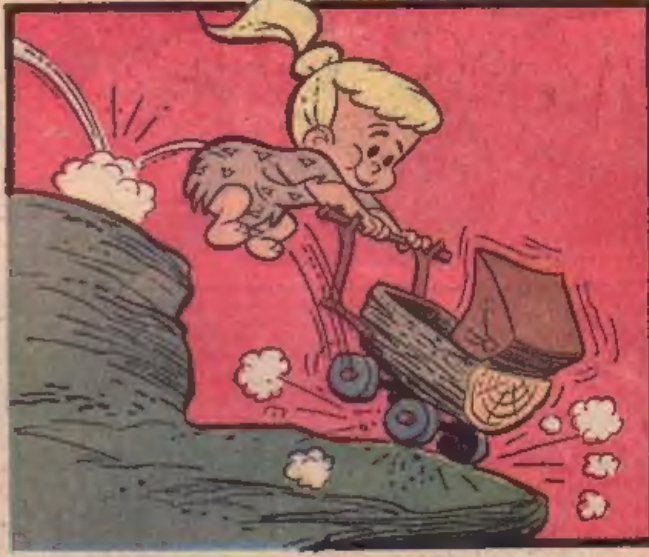
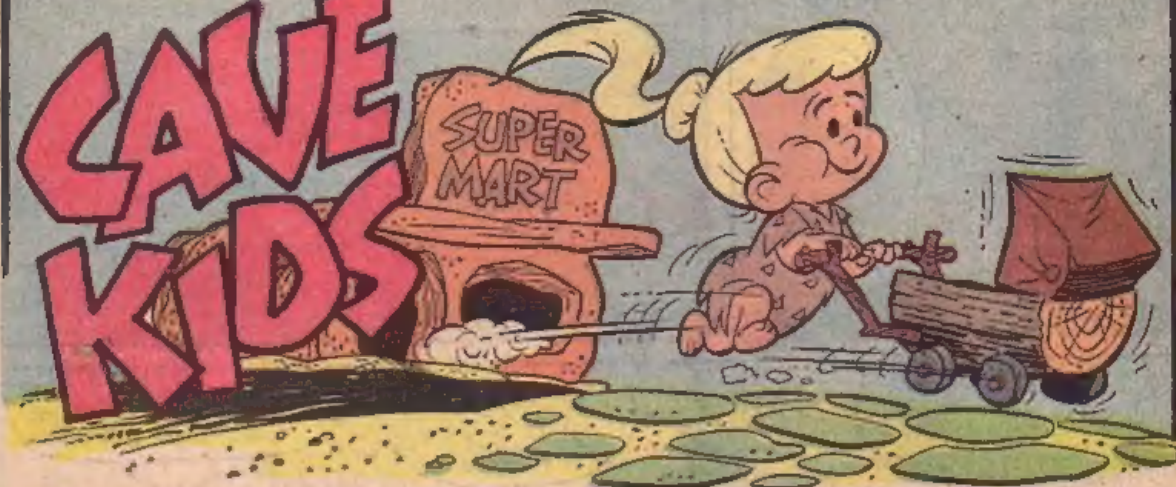
GLASSES ON A SAURUS?

YES! THOSE **STRONG LENSES** MAKE THE FLOWERS APPEAR MUCH **CLOSER**... SO HE DOESN'T GET A STRONG ENOUGH WHIFF TO BRING ON A SNEEZE!

AS FOR ME, I'M **QUITTING PRANKING** BEFORE I GET A **SPANKING!**

SNIFE! SNIFE!

CAVE KIDS



Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

